

The Outlook

Volume 77

Saturday, July 9, 1904

Number 10

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THE OUTLOOK is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

PRICE.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

POSTAGE IS PREPAID by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add \$1.56 for postage.

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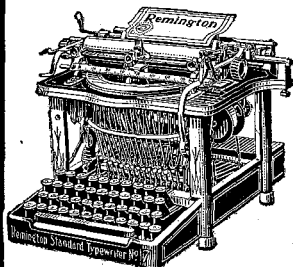
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The Outlook

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1904

The Democratic Convention

Before this issue reaches our readers, the Democratic Convention will be assembled in St. Louis. What the result of that Convention will be it would be futile for us to prophesy, because our readers will not improbably know the result before they can read our forecast of it, and to interpret the Convention before it meets is a somewhat hazardous business. This much, however, is to us clear, that there will be three parties in this assembly: one, represented by Mr. Cleveland, who believe in the principles of what we may call Jeffersonian Democracy—that is, in as little government as possible, and in a strict construction of the Constitution; one, represented by Mr. Bryan, who believe in the principles of what we may call Social Democracy—that is, in enlarged powers of government, through which the many may be able to control and direct for the benefit of society many of the industrial operations which have been left in past times to be directed and controlled by individual enterprise; and, third, a party who are simply opposed to the Republican party as a party, or to Mr. Roosevelt as an individual, or to both, and whose platform will be union of all Democratic factions in order to turn the Republican party out of power. This appears to us to be practically the view represented by Mr. Gorman. If this third party can frame such a platform and find such a candidate that the other two party factions can stand on the one and accept the other, a united action may be expected from the Convention. But if either of the two sections which possess political principles for which they care more than for party victory is able to carry the Convention, we may expect either an independent nomination by the other section, analogous to the nomination of Palmer and Buckner in 1896, or acquiescence in the Convention and quiescence

in the campaign.—The Prohibitionists in convention in Indianapolis last week nominated as their candidate for President Silas C. Swallow, of Pennsylvania, and for Vice-President George W. Carroll, of Texas. A platform was adopted which, in addition to the usual argument in favor of prohibition, makes declarations in favor of international arbitration, uniform laws for the country and its dependencies, popular election of Senators, the initiative and referendum, reform in divorce laws, the extension of civil service, and other reforms.



Colorado We have had several letters from correspondents in Colorado, some of them giving some light, others furnishing some heat, on the subject of the Colorado civil war. One error into which we were led by apparently authentic information telegraphed to the East at the time ought to be corrected. Acting on that information, we assumed that the men who broke up the press of the Victor "Record" were representatives of the Miners' Union. Later evidence indicates that they were representatives of the Citizens' Alliance. Whether either organization as an organization was responsible for this act of violence we have no means of knowing. It is now stated that representatives of the Federal Government have gone to Colorado to investigate the condition of affairs in that State, as they have a right to do under the Federal law. Such an investigation will be as nearly unprejudiced and authoritative as any we can hope to have, and The Outlook reserves its further judgment on the whole complicated condition of affairs in that State until this investigation is completed and its results are given to the public. We ought, however, perhaps to add that we see no reason to change our opinion that the

Miners' Union is morally responsible for the tragedy at Independence, who ever perpetrated that wholesale assassination, because the inflammatory appeal issued by the officers of the Miners' Union led naturally to the perpetration of that crime; and that, on the other hand, no conditions whatever could justify the military authorities in deporting miners from the State of Colorado without giving them an opportunity to be heard in their own defense. The greater the crime with which they were charged, the clearer was their right to a fair and impartial trial of the charge presented against them.



**The Progress of the
Slocum Investigation**

On Tuesday of last week the coroner's jury brought in their verdict concerning the burning of the excursion steamboat General Slocum, which occurred near Hell Gate, New York, on the 15th of June. It declares that the president, secretary, and commodore of the Knickerbocker Steamboat Company, to which the General Slocum belonged, and the captain of the General Slocum itself, not only neglected to guard against accident by fire, by providing a suitable fire-extinguishing equipment and a well-drilled crew, as well as other life-saving appliances, but, on the contrary, had furnished an improper fire-extinguishing equipment, an inefficient complement of men, and an insufficient number of life-saving appliances. It also finds that this condition of affairs existed on the day that the boat was inspected by the official of the United States Steamboat Inspection Service. It fixes the responsibility for the death of the victims of the disaster upon the misconduct and negligence of the officers and directors of the steamboat company, and recommends that the officers and directors, the captain of the steamboat, the commodore of the fleet, and the mate of the boat be held criminally responsible; that the Government inspector be held for criminal negligence; and that the whole system of inspection used in the harbor of New York should be reformed by order of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor. The Federal

Grand Jury has been assembled and is taking testimony in preparation for bringing indictments. In the meantime there has arisen some uncertainty with regard to reinspection. In spite of the order issued by Secretary Cortelyou, it is declared that no such reinspection can be legally required. On the one hand, it is said that such inspection is legally determined, not by the Secretary, but by a Board of Inspectors. On the other hand, it is said that the steamboat companies which have already submitted to one inspection cannot legally be made to submit to another. Even if this is true, The Outlook is clear as to two points—first, that the inspector who refuses to reinspect a vessel ought to be subject to dismissal; second, that any steamboat company which refuses to submit to reinspection ought to lose the patronage of all people who care at all for their own lives. This is certainly a case where public opinion ought not to grow less keen but rather more keen with the lapse of time. It may be remembered that on March 2 a building in New York City called the Hotel Darlington, in process of construction, collapsed. The owner of the building was indicted by the Grand Jury; the contractor in charge was declared to be of great ignorance and limited intelligence; and the inspector was found to be grossly negligent, not fit for his position; yet not an arrest has been made, and the inspector is still employed by the Building Department. Popular indignation that results in no action is worse than useless. Such accidents will be made impossible, humanly speaking, only when civil and criminal law become as inexorable as the law that fire burns and that water drowns.



**The Garment Workers'
Strike**

Forty thousand men in New York City, members of the Garment Workers' Union, divided into thirty-five branch unions, began last week a strike against the "open shop." It is said that over half of the ready-made clothing worn in the United States is made on Manhattan Island. Practically all of the manufacturers of ready-made

clothing in this territory have thus been deprived of labor. If the strike should be prolonged, people all over the country would feel its effects. It therefore offers a case concerning which public opinion may have something pertinent to say. The contention of the garment workers may be briefly stated in this way. Until this year there has been for some time an annual agreement between the garment workers and their employers. The last annual agreement expired on the first of May. Just before this date the manufacturers, who are now united in a National organization, held a meeting at which they passed a resolution adopting the principle of the "open shop." Before the agreement expired, the manufacturers hung up in their various shops a notice informing their employees that the principle of the "open shop" would hereafter be the rule. The workers asked for a conference for two purposes: first, to make an agreement; second, to ascertain just what the shop notice meant. The leader of the Cutters' Union declares that the manufacturers replied, on the one hand, by saying that the notice meant nothing, and, on the other hand, by declining to hold a conference for the purpose of making another agreement. The ground for their refusal, as the employees understand it, was that, since the shops were hereafter to be "open shops," they would now make their arrangements with individual workmen. The employees also understand that the manufacturers wished to increase the number of apprentices. Thereupon the Garment Workers at a special meeting almost unanimously voted to strike. The leader of the Garment Cutters stated the demand of the workers to be that the manufacturers "enter into an agreement that this notice is inoperative." When he was asked, "What the Garment Workers want, then, is a closed shop?" he replied, "Yes, as it has been in the past." The leaders of this strike confessedly believe that if a man does not belong to the union he is not to be allowed in the business. Undoubtedly the cutters and tailors have reason to be exasperated at the cavalier treatment which they have received at the

hands of their employers; undoubtedly, also, the workers in these trades, recruited largely from newly arrived immigrants, mostly Jewish and Italian, are justified in the attempt to raise the standard of wages, for they are hardly paid in proportion to their skill; nevertheless, their attempt to break down the principle of the "open shop" is an attack upon the freedom of labor which will not gain them the sympathy of those who believe that wage-earners should not be interfered with in exercising their right either to organize or to work as individuals.



The Cost of Visiting the Exposition

A correspondent of The Outlook who has been a month at the Exposition, and is there still, sends us the following particulars regarding the cost of staying at St. Louis, with the explanatory remark that they are written for the information of a man or woman living a thousand miles from St. Louis, who desires to see the Exposition, but who cannot afford more than \$70 or \$80, which must cover the railroad fare and the expenses of a two weeks' stay. Restaurant charges in St. Louis and in the Exposition grounds are undoubtedly about twice the normal rate. A meal that could be had in New York or Boston for fifty cents will cost ninety cents or a dollar inside or outside the Exposition grounds. But here the exceptional charges may be said to end. Room rent is not high, for the reason that the moderate-priced hotels, both those of long standing and those which have been built and equipped for the Exposition, have to compete with thousands of St. Louis families who, during the Exposition, are opening their houses to room-seekers. Residential St. Louis lies principally between Jefferson Avenue and King's Highway, the last of the boulevards on the western side before the Exposition grounds are reached. The distance between Jefferson Avenue and King's Highway is nearly three miles, and the division extends for a mile or two on each side of Delmar Avenue, along which travel from downtown reaches the Exposition. In this area it is safe to say that seven out of ten houses

are open to people who are willing to pay a dollar or a dollar and a half a day for their accommodations. Almost every house in the class renting from \$45 to \$80 a month is open on this basis. Three out of five families living in these houses intimate by notices on the doors or windows that they are receiving World's Fair visitors, and many of those not making such an announcement of their being temporarily in the hotel business have a standing advertisement in the columns of the local papers. Up to the end of June there was no pressure on the room accommodation, and even should the number of visitors to the Exposition mount up as they did at Chicago, and as they are most likely to do, people need not stay away from St. Louis for fear of lack of good accommodation or of overcharge and extortion. From present appearances, any one with \$70 or \$80 to spend on the trip need have no apprehension of having to pay more than a dollar a day for a fair room in a good private house, if as soon as he arrives he will spend an hour in finding a room. Some of the newer and cheaper hotels which are advertising broadcast over the country have hit on a device for "grafting," concerning which a word of caution may be added. They will tell correspondents that they are very full, but suggest that they come on and that the hotel will do the best it can for them at the rate quoted in its advertisements. A room will be provided for one night for a dollar or a dollar and a half, but in the morning the guest will be informed that the particular room must be vacated for a guest who had engaged it in advance, and that the only rooms available are four dollars, or five dollars, or whatever sum the hotel desk conceives the guest would be likely to pay. Just as soon as a visitor is confronted with this proposition he should turn out and look up a room in a private house. The Exposition is all that St. Louis has ever claimed for it, and it is from a feeling that uncertainty as to expense is causing many people to hesitate about going that The Outlook has had its correspondent now in St. Louis furnish these particulars, which may relieve some doubts.

College Commencements

Harvard conferred degrees upon a larger total number of men last week than in any other year in the history of the University; of this number 470 received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Bishop Lawrence was elected President of the Alumni Association. President Eliot announced the receipt of \$1,188,000 in gifts and bequests during the past year. We speak elsewhere of the important addresses by Secretary Taft and Mr. Olney at Cambridge.—At Radcliffe, and indeed all over the country, great interest was felt in the reception by Helen Adams Keller of the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The graduating class numbers 96.—The Yale Commencement presented several new features besides the conferring of honorary degrees on distinguished Filipinos. The forming of a closer connection of the alumni with the management of the University was indicated not only by the President's address before the alumni meeting—the first case of the kind—on the condition and needs of the University, but by the proposal to form a national advisory council of alumni, in which every Yale Association, or group of Associations, with a membership of a hundred shall have a representative. The first of a probable series of memorials to Yalensian martyrs of civilization appeared in the unveiling of a tablet commemorating Pitkin, slain by the Boxers in 1900. Ex-Secretary Root's address on "Some Duties of American Lawyers to American Law" was a forcible warning against disrespect for authority and excess in the exercise of official power. The resignation of Morris F. Tyler as Treasurer calls attention to the fact that in his administration the permanent funds of the University have risen from \$2,111,189 to \$4,534,829.—At Trinity College, Hartford, enthusiasm was shown by the alumni at its meeting on June 21 over the improved prospects of the College under the presidency of Dr. Flavel S. Luther, who has been chosen to fill the vacancy caused by Dr. Smith's resignation. Dr. Luther will be inaugurated next October. The coming freshman class is expected to number one hundred.

An effort is being made to increase the endowment fund.—The University of Vermont is celebrating this week its one hundredth anniversary.—Among the honorary degrees conferred by the colleges last week upon men in whom the public at large is especially interested may be mentioned the degree of Doctor of Divinity granted by Harvard to President Faunce, of Brown, and to Theodore T. Munger, of New Haven; the degree of Doctor of Laws conferred by Amherst on William H. Moody, Secretary of the Navy, and by Harvard on Professor Toy and Senator Lodge; that of Doctor of Civil Law conferred by the University of the South upon Baron von Sternburg, the German Ambassador to the United States, and that of Doctor of Music conferred by Yale on Mr. Frank Damrosch, of this city.—The two college athletic features of the year were the boat races at Poughkeepsie and New London. In the former contest Syracuse University scored a notable victory over its opponents (Cornell, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Georgetown, and Wisconsin) by winning easily both the university and the freshman eight-oared races. At New London Yale won the freshman race, Harvard the four-oared race, while the University race, after disappointing postponement, was easily won by Yale.



Two Notable Speeches: Judge Taft's made at Harvard University last week, one by Judge Taft, the other by Mr. Olney, which represent in a very striking manner the two tendencies, perhaps we should say the two schools of political thought, between which the citizens of the United States have to choose. Judge Taft's speech before the Harvard Law School Association will be found reported in full in the Boston "Evening Transcript" for Tuesday, June 28. Any readers who wish an authoritative account of what the American Government has done and is proposing to do in the Philippines under the present Administration will find it in this address. Judge Taft recited the history of our connection with the Philippines: the liberation of the Filipinos from

Spanish misrule, the suppression of the insurrection, the establishment of American sovereignty, the organization of municipal and provincial government on bases so liberal in the matter of autonomy as to surprise the inhabitants of the islands, the suppression of ladronism by a native constabulary, the formation of a public school system, the inauguration of public works, and the establishment of a judicial system, part native, part American. Turning to the present and the future, Judge Taft affirmed that Filipinos have all the civil rights mentioned in the Bill of Rights, save the right of trial by jury and the right to bear arms; that these civil rights are not merely theoretically assured, but practically maintained; that among these rights is freedom to advocate the independence of the islands by peaceful means; that it is expected that in less than a decade every Filipino child can study English and receive an elementary education; that the present purpose of the Administration is to teach the people how to govern themselves, and that the learning of English is one of the important steps to that end—"important in creating a solidarity among the people and in enabling the people to understand each other; important in bringing them into touch with the Anglo-Saxon world, where they shall drink in the principles of civil liberty."



Two Notable Speeches: Mr. Olney's At the Law School Alumni dinner which followed, Mr. Olney declared that "the old order is changing swiftly and vitally," that lawyers and statesmen of seventy-five years ago would have been as startled by current American theories as scientists of that day would have been by modern scientific discoveries; and that, whether the old order is overturning the new or not, it is revolutionary. As an illustration of this change, he cited the work accomplished by Judge Taft:

Having absolute mastery over the lives and fortunes of 7,500,000 of people, he has won general admiration and applause by the justice and skillfulness of his rule and by the tact, patience, and humanity of his dealings with an alien and subject race. Yet upon

the American lawyer, steeped in the doctrine and traditions of the past, the inquiry at once forces itself, What place has despotism—even the most benevolent and most intelligent—in our American political system, and where, by searching, shall we find it out?

Referring to Judge Taft's advocacy of the present Philippine policy, on the ground that it was for the benefit of the Filipino people, and, even if it involved some American sacrifice, we can afford it, he replied as follows:

But out of any such proposition at once issues another legal puzzle for the modern American lawyer to find in the National Constitution the principle of altruism; to find in a frame of government declared on its face by the people adopting it to be designed to "secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity" any authority for purely philanthropic enterprises—any right in that government to turn itself into a missionary to the benighted tribes of islands in the South Seas, seven thousand miles from our shores; or any power to tax the toiling masses of this country for the benefit of motley groups of the brown people of the tropics, between whom and the taxpayers there is absolutely no community either of interest or of sympathy.

In one of his lectures George William Curtis drew a contrast between the statesmanship of the era of Daniel Webster and that of the era of Charles Sumner, William H. Seward, and Abraham Lincoln. Daniel Webster asked only, What is Constitutional? Sumner, Seward, and Lincoln asked, What is right? The claim of Mr. Seward that there was a "higher law" than the Constitution was greeted first with derision, then with invective. This contrast seems to us to reappear in these two addresses of Judge Taft and Mr. Olney. In his address Judge Taft does not, we think, once refer either to the Constitution of the United States or to the precedents set by the fathers. Mr. Olney appears to recognize no other standard than those precedents and that Constitution. He submits the question of our Filipino policy to the American lawyer "steeped in the doctrines and traditions of the past." He declares that the new school of thought finds no support in "any writings or utterances of the great American jurists of two generations ago," and he implies, if he does not assert, that we cannot as a Nation exercise benevolence to a poor, ignorant,

and suffering people, because we cannot "find in the National Constitution the principle of altruism." Thus, these two speeches represent two spirits even more than two principles of action: the one asks, What is ethical, just, and right for a great Nation to do? and assumes that America is a Nation, and that the Constitution gives it power to do what is just and right, unless that power is expressly and in terms denied. The other asks, What do the written Constitution of the United States and the doctrines and traditions of the past call upon us to do? and denies that we may do anything unless we are called upon to do it by those traditions and that Constitution. Mr. Olney is right in implying that this standard belongs to the old order, and in declaring that the new order recognizes a different standard as a measure of National action. The more clearly this difference between the old order and the new is put before the American people, the more certain it is that they will answer in no uncertain sound:

"Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good."



The acceptance of the presidency of the University of Virginia by Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, of Tulane University, New Orleans, brings to an institution of great distinction and of wide opportunities of usefulness one of the most representative Southern teachers, scholars, and speakers; a Southern orator who combines the fervor and eloquence of the Old South with the restraint, moderation, and balance of the New South; a scholar whose knowledge has been at the service of the public, and who has already demonstrated his capacity in more than one difficult position. The natural deference to the original plan of Mr. Jefferson for the University of Virginia has made the trustees of that institution reluctant to change its form of government in order to bring it in line with the most efficient methods of modern college administration; but, after long discussion and deliberation, both trustees and faculty

have come to the conclusion that a more closely knit organization is essential to the progress of a great university. They could not have found a more competent man in the South, nor one who will more adequately interpret the spirit of a university, than Dr. Alderman. It is a piece of good fortune that he is not a Virginian, since one of the limitations of the institution has been a little excess of devotion to the traditions of the State. Those traditions, generous and noble as they have been, cannot constitute the capital of a modern university; and the University of Virginia will profit by closer association with other institutions and especially with the renaissance of educational interest in the South. Dr. Alderman is a graduate of the University of North Carolina, which has furnished so many of the present educational leaders in that section. He was for some years a teacher in the State Industrial College for Women at Greensboro. He threw himself into the campaign for the betterment of public education in the State with the ardor of a reformer, the zeal of an evangelist, and the knowledge of a trained teacher. He canvassed the State from end to end, holding meetings with Dr. McIver and other leaders of the movement in out-of-the-way school-houses, lonely churches, and neglected villages, and he is now seeing the fruit of his labors in the enthusiasm of a State for popular education under the leadership of a progressive and far-seeing Governor. Under his direction the University of Virginia, which has done so much for American education and which ranks among its foremost institutions, will not lose the charm and generous enthusiasm of the Old South, but will gain in efficiency, in receptivity to modern methods and influences, and will put itself more closely in touch with contemporary life.



The War: A Week of
Uncertainty

The maneuvering of the opposing armies in Manchuria last week was puzzling, and was made more so by the purposely confused and misleading reports which have passed the official censors. After one remembers

that Kaiping, Tashichiao, and Haicheng are successive towns from south to north on the railway leading from Port Arthur to Liaoyang and Mukden, it seems reasonable and probable to expect that the Japanese, following the course they took in the Chinese War, as they have hitherto done in almost every point, should attempt to attack the Russians at one or the other of these points, with a view of occupying the most important of them—Haicheng—before a serious frontal attack should be made on Liaoyang. The Russians, after their repulse at Telissu by General Oku's forces, fell back northward to Kaiping, and (evidently expecting such a Japanese movement as we have just outlined) not only held the railroad from that point to Haicheng in force, but moved large bodies of troops southward to this part of the railroad from Liaoyang. The belief that an attack would be made in this quarter was increased by the fact that General Kuroki has been moving forces westward with the obvious purpose of acting in co-operation with General Oku. Nevertheless, last week the Japanese also made a menacing advance northward from Fengwangcheng toward Liaoyang over two roads, and even, it has been reported, over a third which leads through the mountains to the rear of Liaoyang. There have been several sharp engagements, although nothing that could be termed a battle, and the Japanese have occupied, apparently without serious difficulty, two or three of the important mountain passes which must be held before Liaoyang can be attacked. Thus the position stands, with possibilities of an important battle either near Haicheng or near Liaoyang. There have been heavy rains of late, and the Russians assert that the rainy season is now fairly begun, and that operations on a large scale over the mountain roads will become impossible. The Japanese have occupied new positions in their movement on Port Arthur, and are evidently making elaborate preparations for the use of heavy siege guns; it seems to be certain, however, that the rumor that they had occupied three forts in a commanding position within two or three miles of

Port Arthur was entirely unfounded. The movements on sea are, as we write, not much clearer than those on land. The Russians strenuously deny the account of their reported losses in a naval sortie from Port Arthur, as reported last week, and only admit that the Sevastopol was damaged. The Vladivostok squadron has again made sail, has shelled Wonsan (or Gensan) without doing very serious damage, and may have returned to port. On Saturday there were reports that another important naval engagement had taken place or was taking place between the Japanese war-ships and either a part of the Port Arthur fleet or the Vladivostok squadron of cruisers; but the reports were indefinite and doubtful.



The Japanese
Prime Minister on
the War

Among the many statements from Japanese sources concerning the

causes of the war and the spirit with which Japan entered into it, none is more interesting than that made in an interview with Dr. William Imbrie by Count Katsura, the Prime Minister of Japan. That Japan is sensitive to the opinion of other nations, and especially of the United States, as a man is always sensitive to the opinion of his friends, Count Katsura frankly acknowledged. He therefore made this statement that he might correct the misconception to which peoples far removed from the seat of war might easily be subject. On the part of Japan, the object of the war he declared to be "the security of the Empire and the permanent peace of the East." He likened the position of Japan to that of ancient Greece in her contest with Persia. He especially wished to make it clear that the war was not a war for the supremacy of race over race or of religion over religion. "With differences of race or religion," he said, "it has nothing to do; and it is carried on in the interests of justice, humanity, and the commerce and civilization of the world." "In saying this," he added, "I am not speaking as an individual only; I am speaking as Prime Minister also, and, more than that, I am expressing the mind of his Majesty the Emperor." He described the measures

adopted by Japan to insure on its part that the conduct of the war might be in accordance with the usages of international law. Upon the opening of the war, communications were sent to the governors of prefectures and to all educational institutions, from the universities to the primary schools, giving directions as to the principles and duties to be observed.

In addition to this, communications were sent to the recognized representatives of all the religious bodies in the country, Buddhists, Shintoists, and Christians alike, asking them to take pains to discountenance any wrong tendencies among the more ignorant of the people. Among the points emphasized by the Government are these: That the war is one between the State of Japan and the State of Russia; that it is not waged against individuals; that individuals of all nationalities, peacefully attending to their business, are to suffer no molestation or annoyance whatever, and that questions of religion do not enter into the war at all.



Religious Freedom
in Japan

At some length Count Katsura emphasized the proposition that

Japan, both by the declaration of her Constitution and by her practice, stands for religious freedom. In support of this he cited many interesting facts, such as the licenses granted to Christian periodicals, privileges extended to Christian schools, property rights allowed to Christian organizations, the eminent Japanese in the Government, army, navy, and universities who are Christians, and the relatively large number of trained nurses in the hospitals who are Christians. In connection with this particular statement it is appropriate to cite the arrangement recently made, as announced by the correspondent of the London "Times" and the New York "Times," that there should be attached to the First, Second, and Third Army Corps six Japanese and six foreign Christian evangelists, who shall have the same privileges as those granted to the delegates of Buddhism and Shintoism. Count Katsura was most explicit in declaring that Japan had not only adopted certain products of Western civilization like the railroad, the system of banking, and the battleship, but that she had accepted for herself certain essential ideals of the West.

Education, and popular education at that, law, and in particular the rights of the individual under the law, and even that democratic spirit in the West which is exemplified by constitutional government, Count Katsura mentioned as having entered into the very heart of Japan. Most significant of all, perhaps, is what Count Katsura said regarding the possibility of Japan becoming the leader of the Orient:

Reference has already been made to the warning that Japan stands eagerly waiting to take the leadership of the East, and that if she does so it will be in the spirit of the East against the West. Whether or not it is the destiny of Japan to be the leader of the East remains to be unfolded. But if ever that responsibility shall be hers, of one thing the world may be sure, she will not willingly retrace her own steps, and she will at least endeavor to persuade the East to do what she has done herself, and what she is trying to do more perfectly.

The Outlook believes that this plea of Count Katsura's for a fair hearing for Japan has already been heeded, and that few nations have so speedily and so completely won the confidence of the civilized world as Japan has already done.



Mr. Kennan
on the War

Private letters recently received from The Outlook's special correspondent in the Far East, Mr. George Kennan, give an interesting account of the war situation as it appeared in Tokyo early in June, and show that articles from Mr. Kennan's pen will in the near future contain matter of unusual value. Under date of June 7, Mr. Kennan writes that he is to be one of the party which was to sail on June 12 on the Japanese Government steamer Manchuria for Korea, Manchuria, and the Liaotung peninsula. Mr. Kennan says: "She carries the foreign naval attachés, a party of high Japanese officials, and three correspondents, and it is the understanding that she is to visit the Japanese naval and military bases and coast positions around the whole coast line from Chemulpho to Dalny, Port Arthur, and Kinchow." There is a possibility that members of this military excursion may be allowed to see the final assault on Port Arthur, which was expected, when Mr. Kennan wrote, to

take place the last of June or the first of July. Cable despatches have already announced the arrival of this party at Chemulpho, and their presentation to the Emperor of Korea at Seoul. Another passage of this same letter from Mr. Kennan is a remarkably accurate statement of what has actually happened since the letter was written. "It looks now as if there might be heavy fighting in the near future in the northern part of Liaotung peninsula. The Russians seem to be moving southward in force with the intention of relieving Port Arthur and 'sandwiching' the second Japanese army between the Port Arthur garrison and the advancing column of General Kuropatkin. If this be attempted, it is likely to result in disaster to the Russians. I don't think they can stand against the Japanese in the open field. Thus far they haven't even been able to hold intrenchments against them. They have, furthermore, to reckon with the Yalu army of General Kuroki, which will be upon their left flank, and they may get 'sandwiched' themselves between the first and second armies of the Japanese. My impression is, from talking with Japanese who are likely to be well informed here, that the Japanese armies will not attempt to go very far from the seacoast. If they defeat General Kuropatkin's army in southern Manchuria, they may follow it as far as Mukden, but it isn't likely that they will go to Harbin. Their plan of campaign, as understood here, is to take and hold the whole seacoast, from Port Arthur to Vladivostok, fortify northern Korea, and then 'stand pat,' leaving the Russians to take the offensive if they feel so disposed. The interior of Manchuria is of no use whatever to the Russians without the seacoast, and if the Japanese content themselves with the acquisition of the coast, and there await developments, the Russians, in order to continue the war, must take the offensive. It is believed here that the Japanese will try to take Port Arthur by assault within a month, and that they are prepared to sacrifice 20,000 men if necessary, in order finally to dispose of what remains of the Russian fleet there, so as to have their own fleet free to meet the Russian

Baltic fleet if it comes out here and attempts to regain command of the sea. The case of Vladivostok, however, is different. There is no hurry about taking it, and the Japanese army will probably isolate it and starve it out."



The Armenian Massacre

That there has been a recent outbreak of persecution against the Armenians in Turkey, and that it has resulted in a massacre of some hundreds, and perhaps thousands, there seems to be no doubt. The first cable reports were not definite, and The Outlook has waited for some further confirmation of these reports. Such confirmation has not yet been forthcoming, and so our knowledge of these massacres must at present remain indefinite. It is said that whole villages have been wiped out. One report gives the total number of six thousand as having been killed, and says that near one village there were so many bodies thrown into a river that they had to be dislodged by the use of artillery. Such a report may very possibly be an exaggeration; yet, after what we know happened nine years ago, it is not at all incredible. M. Delcassé some days ago announced in the French Chamber of Deputies that he had sent word to the Turkish Government that the time for repression had passed. This official action on the part of France indicates the seriousness of the situation. Nine years ago the total number of Armenians massacred was estimated at between fifty thousand and one hundred thousand. In extent, therefore, this recent massacre is not comparable to that. It is, moreover, apparently much more local, being confined largely to the region round about Sasun, in Bitlis. This is a lawless region. The method which the Turkish Government has adopted to maintain order there has been to incorporate the violent men of the region into the Turkish army. The soldiery thereabouts are largely composed of Kurds, who are hardly more than brigands. It is only necessary for the Turkish authorities to remove their restraint upon these men to bring upon the helpless Armenians a massacre in

which the perpetrators are Turkish soldiers. The disregard of the rights of United States citizens by Turkey, and the disfavor shown to American institutions in comparison with those of other nations, have given the United States occasion for remonstrance with the Sultan. The occurrence of this new Armenian massacre may well arouse popular indignation in America that will give support to any remonstrance that the State Department may decide to make.



George Frederick Watts It is probably true that critical opinion to-day regards the portrait work of the great English artist who died last week at the age of eighty-seven as of more lasting value than those imaginative and allegorical canvases that long ago won for him the common appellation "the poet-painter." How far at one stage of his career Mr. Watts carried his passion for symbolical and gigantesque painting is shown by the fact that he once offered to decorate for the bare cost the great hall of the Euston railway station with mural paintings representing the progress of commerce. His first success was in a competition for a £500 prize for a mural painting, and there is abundant evidence that for a long time it was his patriotic and artistic ambition to execute great frescoes on national subjects and for national edifices. Later on this ambition turned into a different but equally patriotic impulse, that of leaving behind him a series of historical portraits as a legacy to the nation, and his biographer tells us that many of these fifty portraits executed at intervals throughout a half-century were painted, as Watts used to say, for himself, not for the sitters—that is, he chose the subjects and often painted without payment, considering the sittings a personal favor. Many of the Watts portraits were presented by him to the National Gallery, and it is much to be desired that by purchase or gift the collection may be extended. A choice selection of the portraits was shown in the United States a few years ago, and made a lasting impression, not only upon the critics, but even more strongly upon the general

public. When it is remembered that among the Watts portraits are those of Gladstone, Tennyson, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Lord Salisbury, Browning, Swinburne, Stanley, Livingstone, William Morris, John Burns, John Stuart Mill, George Meredith, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and, among foreign notables, Guizot, Thiers, and Garibaldi, it will be seen how representative and interesting in subject, even aside from art, are the portraits now at the National Gallery. Apart from questions of technique and coloring, these portraits are singularly successful in expressing character, temperament, and the really great or distinguishing qualities of the subjects. Writing two years ago in *The Outlook*, Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse declared that "the desire of Watts to express the inner spirit of his conceptions is so strong that the technical quality of the workmanship becomes of minor concern;" and another critic confirms this view by saying that "there are modern portraitists of greater technical ability than Watts, but in force of expression, in freedom and simplicity, he is unsurpassed." Turning to his symbolical and "story-telling" pictures, there are few persons who would deny the imaginative power of his "Love and Death," his "Love and Life" (now in the White House at Washington), his "Paola and Francesca," or his "Sir Galahad"—all familiar, through excellent reproductions in black and white, to thousands who cannot see the originals. If there is sometimes in his pictures of this class a mysticism, it is of the kind that stimulates to interpretation rather than confuses or disappoints the mind. His message to the world, says one commentator, is that of the danger of riches, the cruelty of greed, and, above all, the power of love and the fallacy of the fear of death.



Turbine Steamships The recent arrival at Montreal of the steamship *Turbinia*, built for the Canadian lake service between Toronto and Hamilton, was a noteworthy event in steam navigation, the *Turbinia* being the first merchant vessel with turbine engines to cross the Atlantic. Judging by expert

reports from Sydney, Nova Scotia, and from Quebec and Montreal, the new steamship fulfilled in nearly every respect the predictions made as to speed, absence of vibration, and general seaworthiness. Though not an ocean boat, and notwithstanding rough weather during most of the voyage from Newcastle, England, the *Turbinia* was unusually steady. The only point about which her superiority was temporarily in doubt was whether her coal consumption was more economical than is the case with the ordinary type of engine; but the tests made also indicate greater economy in that respect. There was no vibration whatever. The *Turbinia* is 260 feet long, of 4,000 horsepower, and when going at full speed her propellers make 700 revolutions per minute. These reports go far to sustain the contention of some marine engineers that the turbine engine may be in general use on the ocean before many years. Already two ocean liners, exclusive of the two great Cunarders to be constructed under contract with the British Government, are being built for the Atlantic trade.



Park Street
Church

We are glad to be able to record that the plan for demolishing the Park Street Congregational Church in Boston is abandoned, at least for the present. It is a curious fact, and possibly a significant one, that the church, that is, the spiritual body, voted to sell the edifice and move elsewhere, while the society, made up of the pew-holders, was so opposed to the plan that it has been laid aside. If there were no people in the vicinity of this church, purely sentimental reasons would not suffice to keep it in its present location. But in fact there is a very considerable population on Beacon Hill. The experience of Trinity Church in New York City has demonstrated that if a downtown church can be maintained, a downtown congregation will fill it on Sunday. Park Street Church is one of the ancient landmarks of Boston, and to remove it that a great office building might be put in its place would be, in spite of all specious arguments in support of such a course, almost univer-

sally regarded as another surrender of religion to the commercial spirit of the age.



“Better than Independence”

We have received a letter from a woman who says she cannot understand how *The Outlook* can fail to indorse the recommendation to the two political parties to promise independence to the Filipinos. There are also some things we cannot understand. We can understand how a business man who is accustomed to measure policies wholly by their commercial results, a politician who is accustomed to measure them wholly by their effect upon the party, a conservative who imagines that nothing can be done in the future which has not been done in the past, and a doctrinaire who measures policies wholly by their conformity to some standard which he has evolved in his library, might agree in thinking that the United States could do nothing better for the Filipinos than to leave them to take care of themselves. But women are largely idealists; and we cannot easily understand how a woman can fail to see that there is a higher service which a rich and strong nation can render to a poor and weak community than abandoning it to itself, or fail to realize that some other motives may actuate public men than a desire for their own nation's advantage, and that some other standard may appeal to them than that furnished by the precedents of the past.

Let it be granted that the United States has nothing to gain from retaining sovereignty over the Philippine Islands; granted that we should be better off in dollars and cents if Dewey had sailed away from the Archipelago after he had destroyed the Spanish fleet, and had left the Filipinos to the despotism of Spain or to their own self-created anarchy; granted that commerce does not follow the flag, and that no commercial advantages to the United States will repay what the islands have already cost us; granted that all the money raised by taxation from the islands must be

expended in the islands; granted that we have no surplus population for which we need an outlet, and, if we had, it would not go to the Philippine Archipelago; granted that the exploitation of the islands for our commercial benefit is probably impracticable and would certainly be iniquitous; granted that the islands will be a source of National weakness rather than of National strength, since in any foreign war honor would require us to defend them and their defense would be difficult; granted that to hold them in subjection against their will for our benefit would be as impolitic as it would be unjust, and as un-Christian as it would be un-American: all this has little or no bearing on the question as to what is our duty as a rich and powerful Nation toward this community which is poor and weak, and which by the course of events has fallen into our keeping.

That duty seems to us very plain. It is to act on the assumption that the motto, “He who would be greatest among you shall be servant of all,” is as applicable to nations as to individuals. It is, with greater singleness of purpose, to pursue the course that we have already pursued, and to continue the kind of service which we have already rendered. If the United States had followed the counsel of the so-called Anti-Imperialists, and Dewey had sailed out of Manila Bay after destroying the Spanish fleet, who would have saved the Philippines from falling under the military rule of Germany, whose ships were in the harbor ready to seize upon the islands if we had abandoned them to their fate? If, a little later, we had refused to demand that Spain relinquish the Philippine Islands to us, and had contented ourselves with a coaling-station for our navy, who would have prevented Spain from refastening upon the unhappy islanders the despotism under which they had suffered for centuries? If, still later, we had recognized the so-called Aguinaldo Government, and disavowed further responsibility, where would the islands have obtained the money or the credit to purchase the lands of the friars, and so solve that perplexing problem? Who supposes

that either the friars or the Vatican would have entered into the negotiations with Aguinaldo which both were willing to enter into with America, or that Aguinaldo could have obtained by any sale of bonds the money necessary to complete that transaction? Who would have furnished the thousand teachers who have organized in the Philippines the only real system of public education that the people have ever possessed? Whence would have come the Dr. Atkinson whom Massachusetts sent to give to this people the benefit of our century of educational experience? Who supposes that a school system could have sprung up spontaneously in the community without experienced men to organize and to conduct it? Who would have organized the provincial and municipal governments, and reorganized the laws so as to give this people the protection of those fundamental principles of human justice which the Anglo-Saxon people have incorporated in their institutions, and of which the Latin peoples are apparently wholly oblivious?

Nor has the time come when organic union with America has ceased to be advantageous to the Filipinos; nor is any such time in prospect. They need protection alike from foreign and from domestic foes; they need aid in learning those fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty which are never taught by despotism and are learned but slowly and painfully in the school of blundering and unguided experiment; they need religious teachers, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, imbued with the spirit of humanity; they need, and will need for no little time to come, aid in perfecting and carrying on their educational system; they need both wisdom and strength to reinforce the administration of justice against anarchy and brigandage; they need American enterprise, American machinery, and American capital, and these will require for an indefinite period American protection. Elihu Root said the other day in Chicago that the Philippine Government had borrowed \$6,000,000 in New York City at an interest rate of 15-8 per cent. per annum. What interest would it have to pay if it were not a Dependency of

the United States, having the United States Government behind it? It is easy for any one who will recognize the facts as they are to see that American sovereignty, whatever it has cost us, has been accompanied with benefits to the Filipino people that are immeasurable in terms of dollars and cents. It is easy to see that whatever advantage separation might bring to us, the immediate loss and ultimate peril to the Filipino people of separation from the American Nation would be very great, and the benefits to the Filipino people of being organically united with the American Nation would be almost beyond computation. If any of our readers are unable to see this, we cannot complain; but it is because we see, or think we see, that such organic union with America will be incomparably better for the Filipinos than separation from America, that we hope a means may be found, not unjust to ourselves, by which such organic union can be accomplished, and are unalterably opposed to making any declaration now that would prevent America in the future from giving to Filipinos this boon of participation in the benefits of American institutions and American nationality, if, when the time for decision comes, they desire to receive it at our hands.



The Railroad Problem

A correspondent in another column, in his discussion of the railroad problem, shows very clearly what few writers and fewer readers realize—namely, that the railroad freights are not paid by the shippers, but by the general public from whom the shippers collect. It is not, therefore, the shippers merely, not the shippers mainly, who are interested in securing reasonable freight rates. It is the general public who are interested, and who pay the often excessive freight rates without knowing that they are doing so.

Thus the coal-carrying companies are collecting from the general public in the enhanced price of coal all and more than all that the recent coal strike cost them. And the orange-growers of Southern California have been compelled during the

last season to leave their oranges rotting on the ground, because the price necessarily charged in the East for oranges, in order to make good the freight charges, has cut down the demand and so prevented the shipment. In many cases the rates charged for freight have to be in excess of what would be a reasonable charge, in order to pay interest to the stockholders and bondholders whose stock and bonds represent a value from fifty to one hundred per cent. in excess of the cost of building the road, or what would be the present cost of duplicating it. Nor is it easy to see where this process of "squeezing" the public is to stop. The railroad charges the shipper, the shipper charges the customers, and the customers must go without or pay the price which is demanded of them.

For this social injustice there are four possible remedies:

First, the shipper may appeal to the courts, in a suit against the railroads, to prevent unjust discriminations and excessive freight rates. This remedy is wholly inadequate: (1) Because it is not the shipper but the customer who is injured, and the customer has no direct claim for damages against the railroad company, because he is not dealing with it. (2) No individual shipper can afford to sue the railroad corporation. It is cheaper for him to pay whatever freight is charged and collect it in turn of his defenseless customer.

Second, Congress may clothe the Federal Railroad Commission, and the several States may clothe the several State Railroad Commissions, with judicial powers, giving them authority to determine judicially what are fair transportation charges, and compel the railroad to accept their decision, exactly as we all have to accept the decision of other judicial tribunals. To make this remedy effective it would be necessary to fix some standard of fairness in transportation charges, so as to prevent charging the public in order to pay dividends on watered stock. It would also be necessary to provide that the railroad must submit to the decision of the Board of Railroad Commissioners, until that decision was set aside on appeal; for if the railroad should delay compliance for

the two or three years in which the appeal was pending in the courts, the remedy would be nominal, not actual.

Third, the Nation may construct or possibly obtain by purchase a railroad running from the Atlantic seaboard to the interior, and eventually to the Pacific coast. The railroad thus bought or constructed would be a National highway belonging to the Nation, and it might then allow any person, individual or corporate, to run a freight train on this road under such regulations as the Nation prescribed. This was the plan proposed by Mr. James F. Hudson in "The Railways and the Republic," as long ago as 1886, and it has recently been revived by Mr. William J. Coombs, in an address delivered before the Manufacturers' Association of New York. We can best state this plan in the words of Mr. Hudson:

Legislation should restore the character of public highways to the railways, by securing to all persons the right to run trains over their tracks under proper regulations, and by defining the distinction between the proprietorship and maintenance of the railway and the business of common carriers.

There would be some difficulties in allowing a great variety of persons to run trains over the same track, but they would not necessarily be greater than those to be encountered in allowing a great variety of ships to sail through the Panama Canal, or three or four railroad corporations to use the same track as an entrance into a great city, as is done in New York, Chicago, and other municipalities.

Fourth, the Government may take over all the great railroad lines, and both own and operate them, as it does in Australia. This last is the plan proposed by the Socialists. It requires as a prerequisite a more perfect civil service than we now possess, and purer politics. Even were these conditions secured, it is not easy to see how such governmental ownership of the railroads could be fitted in with our Federal system and our separate State sovereignties.

Our object here is simply to put before the reader clearly the nature of the railroad problem and the four possible solutions. In experimental reforms it is generally best to try the simpler

and less revolutionary method first. For this reason we believe that the next step which should be taken by those who desire to secure more reasonable transportation is a demand that the State and Federal Boards of Railroad Commissioners shall be clothed with judicial power to fix and enforce freight rates, whenever appealed to by any aggrieved parties—the one for all inter-State commerce, the other for commerce within the several States. This plan has been proposed in different forms by a variety of students of the railroad problem, especially by men representing the larger shippers, and it is a plan which well deserves the early and, in our judgment, the favorable consideration of Congress.



The Spirit of Calvinism

In the oscillations of the human mind, mankind always loses some truth in the rejection of error. The Christian Church in its reaction against Calvinism has lost what it can ill afford to lose, and what it must regain in a new and purified form. If we accept the classification of the old psychologies, and regard man as composed of intellect, sensibility, and will, then we may say that Calvinism was a doctrine, an emotion, and a purpose. And if we distill the somewhat acrid juices of that system, and try to find an expression of this threefold character of Calvinism in the language of modern poetry, we may substitute for its scholastic creeds the following modern expressions of its spiritual life. Its creed is interpreted by Tennyson:

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with
the process of the suns.

Its emotion is expressed by F. W. Faber:

O, how I fear Thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.

Its purpose is expressed by Rudyard Kipling:

And only the Master shall praise us, and
only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no
one shall work for fame;

But each for the joy of the working, and
each in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the
God of Things as they Are.

The characteristic doctrine of Calvinism was the eternal purpose of God, a purpose which might be hindered and delayed, but never, in the minutest particular, thwarted—the accomplishment of which might cost inestimable tears and blood, but which would be accomplished at last, at whatever cost; but Calvinism failed to see, or at least to say, that this was always a purpose of infinite, unflinching, irresistible mercy—the purpose of a surgeon who wounds only that he may cure. The characteristic emotion of Calvinism was reverence—reverence in which love and fear were intermingled, but in which the fear was too great, the trustful love too little. The characteristic purpose of Calvinism was to do God's work, and to achieve in that doing an answer to the prayer, Thy kingdom come; but Calvinism forgot the beginning of that prayer, Our Father; it was militant rather than merciful. The "widening thoughts of men" have been for the last century toward the exaltation of the individual. This developing individualism has revolted against the doctrine of even a divine despotism; against abject fear of even divine authority; and against the sacrifice of our personality in a merely mechanical execution of a purpose in which we have no rational share. This revolt has been a righteous one; nevertheless, we need to recover and reinforce faith in the Eternal Purpose, reverence for the Infinite Father, and consecration of our will to the will of Another who is Wiser than the wisest, Mightier than the mightiest, and Holier than the holiest.

Let us attempt to restate in prose the spirit of Calvinism dissociated from its scholastic phraseology.

The traveler on the Pennsylvania Railroad notices sometimes, as the train draws up to the station, the name of the town spelled out in flowers on a lawn—as B R Y N M A W R. The gardener has dropped the flower seeds in the ground; he has watched to see which ones will live and prove themselves able to accomplish his purpose; those in

which he perceives such life he has in the fullness of time transplanted to this bed; and by their fulfillment of his will the name is at last spelled out which he purposed from the beginning. "Whom he did foreknow, them he did predestinate; and whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified." The impulse which wakened the seed to push its way through the darkness to the light he reckoned on to accomplish the plan he had formed. No seed, had it possessed intelligence, could have understood the mystery of its life in the darkness or conceived the result in which, if it were true to itself, it was eventually to have a share.

Every man forms a part in the divine purpose. If we set our will to do God's will, if we live faithfully the life to which he calls us, if we push through the darkness and the mystery toward the light, we shall at last take our place in spelling out the Kingdom of God on the earth. Life is a mystery, but it is not a chaos. To work against the divine purpose may hinder but cannot thwart it. To work independently of the divine purpose will end in nothing. All true success lies in understanding the divine will and in co-operating to execute it; or in co-operating to execute it without understanding it, as the stone-cutter on a great cathedral, working under orders, helps to accomplish the architect's design, though he has never seen the plans, or as an admiral sailing out to sea with sealed orders obeys commands the significance and purpose of which are concealed from him. This we call the spirit of Calvinism: faith in an Eternal Purpose; reverence for the Infinite Master; devotion of the life to the achievement of the Master's will.

Calvinism sometimes made men hard and gloomy and self-willed. It made them hard when they conceived of God as a Sovereign but not as a Father; gloomy when they feared him but did not love him; self-willed when they did not worship the "sweet will of God," but put their own will in the place of God's will, and worshiped the substi-

tute. But it always made strong and brave men. It was the spirit of Calvinism before Calvin that sustained the Waldensians in Italy and the Lollards in France. The Calvinists of Geneva dared confront all Europe—royal, noble, ecclesiastical, popular. The Calvinistic Huguenots of France endured a persecution which slaughtered many and exiled many others, till but a remnant was left—but a remnant whose faith remained unshaken and whose courage remained undaunted. The Calvinists of Scotland, in their battle with the craft of Queen Mary, preserved their native land from being made the stage for a Scottish Saint Bartholomew; the Puritans of England fought against great odds for civil and religious liberty, and won; the Calvinists of England and Holland dared the perils of sea and wilderness, and laid on the inhospitable shores of New England the foundations of a truly "Greater Britain." And the secret of their indomitable courage was their Calvinism; it was their faith that "through the ages one eternal purpose runs," their worship of the living God, "with trembling hope and penitential tears," and their undaunted resolve to do that work in truth and honesty "for the God of Things as they Are." Of this spirit of Calvinism the Church sorely needs a revival.



The Spectator

It was a raw, blizzardy January day that brought to the Spectator a call from the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution to attend a meeting for the discussion of the question, "What would be an ideal celebration of the Fourth? Please bring at least one suggestion for a truly patriotic celebration." The nipping, frosty air in which the Spectator set forth made it pleasant to think of bonfires and the burning sun of the typical Fourth. He remembered the boy of long ago who boasted that he was to have a new suit of clothes. "Daddy's gone to buy the flaxseed." What would he give to enjoy the Fourth as he did when a boy? Was there a day in all the year so dear to the genuine American boy? What did the Daughters

mean to do? Take away the gunpowder, the noise, and the racket? The Spectator could hardly favor that, and yet—and yet, since he had known of a little girl who a few years before had been burned to death, the result of a fire-cracker thrown upon her long fluffy hair, the day had had no charm for him. But could he advocate a Fourth without gunpowder? Not while he remembered all that throwing firecrackers meant to him as a boy—every one death to a redcoat—his military spirit aroused and aflame from the minute he turned out of bed before daybreak until the last of the fireworks were over after midnight. The military spirit in boys must have vent somehow, and the Fourth was the day for it. It wouldn't do to snuff out the military spirit yet awhile—the millennium was too far off. "The unspeakable Turk" must be regulated, battle-ships must be manned, frontiers defended, etc., etc. International arbitration and amity were to be prayed for and worked for, of course; but—but—yes—yes, the Spectator hoped that the Daughters would not undertake anything like a suppression of the military spirit in the American boy.



"The education of the masses," said the Mayor in the opening address at this meeting, "particularly of the large and increasing foreign element, ignorant of our history and constitutional principles, must not be overlooked in a proper celebration of Independence Day—the supreme occasion for a demonstration of the higher patriotism. . . ." Noise did not mean patriotism—and surely patriotism did not require for its expression a yearly sacrifice of life—a calamity list exceeding that of an important battle. The City Council of Chicago had already set the example that every corporation would do well to follow; it had forbidden the sale to minors of any toy gun, toy pistol, toy fowling-piece, or any other toy firearms in which any explosive substance can be used. But it should not be forgotten that parents can supply their children with what children may not buy themselves. Is not the curse of child-labor an example

of what children may suffer from their parents? He urged the enforcement of present legal enactments for the prevention of casualties on the Fourth. He had been honored by the request of the Salvation Army that he should present its suggestion for the programme, and it asked for aid in carrying out a grand picnic for the poor children of the town at the park—the dinner and trolley transportation to be free, the children to be gathered under a large tent for the singing of patriotic songs and simple instruction in reverence for the Stars and Stripes; the Polak children who could not understand English were to be addressed in their own language.



Suggestions followed thick and fast, and a decided trend was manifested in favor of a quiet, noiseless, beautifully behaved Fourth, with no clanging of bells at sunrise and sunset or firing of cannon; but suggestions of a mass-meeting in the public square with speeches and the reading of the Declaration of Independence, fine music, attractive booths, Punch and Judy, and a children's pony circus, with a procession of some amusing sort, called forth smiles and nods of approval. The suggestion that the meadow, at the park, be set aside, "under the superintendence of experts in pyrotechnics," for the firing of crackers that day—the same to be supplied by the committee, dynamite and giant firecrackers prohibited—evidently let in a good deal of frost, but the Spectator could see that the military spirit was waking up, and not to be entirely satisfied by suggestions like those of patriotic plays at the theater—"Nathan Hale" and others of that order. A strong plea was made for the feature of family celebrations—reunions in the open air as far as possible, the gay decking of grounds and the exterior of houses with the National colors, dinners served in tents on the lawns, a reproduction of colonial costumes and hospitality, with revival of family records and reminiscences of ancestors who had fought for their country. Then somebody suggested that the military parade—"which of course could not be omitted on the

Fourth"—be supplemented by a detachment of regular redcoats from Canada, that the same be the guests of the Sons, and that "God Save the King" and England's flag have place with the "Star-Spangled Banner" and the Stars and Stripes—yes, and that the blue and the gray walk side by side, the band playing "Dixie." "And right behind them," a white-haired woman was quick to add, "let us see the uniforms our soldiers have worn from Bunker Hill to Manila Bay, the buff and blue of the Continental army down to the khaki of to-day." "And why not," asked a Colonial Dame, "stereopticon views of the United States war-ships, the wooden frigates of the Revolution, and the great battle-ships of our present squadrons, side by side, with descriptions that it would be well our boys should hear? Let them see the old Kearsarge and hear of the sinking of the Alabama." "Yes, and the Rough Riders at San Juan," broke in a resonant voice.



The secretary's record of suggestions was a long one, and adjournment was pending when Croaker rose and addressed the chair. "Some of us don't care to see the celebration of the Fourth made as safe as a walk through a poultry-yard. Getting the spirit of '76 clean out of American boys will be no easy matter—but not a few of you, evidently," with a glowering survey of the assembly, "think it can be done, and a sort of kindergarten mother-play at patriotism put in its place. Well, try the experiment of a Fourth without gunpowder, and see how the tea will go overboard." There was an outbreak of clapping and stamping from a seat full of big boys near the door—an old G. A. R. veteran on the platform thumping in with his cane. "The Fourth of July is the one day on the calendar for a demonstration of the military spirit—for the arousing and stimulating of the same; and to celebrate it without gunpowder will be like the Christmas without Santa Claus advocated by some of you possibly, but I trust the old fellow will survive some time yet. As long as an army and a navy, battle-ships and

military schools, are necessary for our National existence, we must see to it that the military spirit is kept alive in our boys, and that they are not afraid of gunpowder, and can celebrate a Fourth with vim in a reasonable way. The root of the evil, the source of the casualties we deplore, is in the lack of vigilance on the part of the guardians of the young, and on the part of parents and municipal authorities, with a deplorable absence of patriotic diversions for the populace on that day. The most of the suggestions offered here to-night may be classified under two heads—those that would suppress the military spirit, and those that would arouse it. First of all, the committee must have our answer to the question, What is to be the dominant note of the celebration? Patriotism infused with the military spirit—or patriotism squeezed dry of the ginger of '76?"



"Mr. President," piped in a boy's clear treble, as soon as Croaker had done (the boys around the speaker had urged his speaking up for them all, and were telling him what he must say), "we are the Club of the Boys of '76, and we want to thank the last speaker for what he has said. We don't want any kindergarten mother-play of patriotism for our Fourth of July. We want the bells to ring like fury at sunrise and sunset—we want to hear the guns at the fort, and the biggest sort of an uproar of firecrackers from the boys the town over. We'll agree to the suppression of dangerous explosives, like toy pistols, dynamite, and giant firecrackers, and we wish that the fellows who don't know how to handle gunpowder in any shape could be looked after all day, and we'd like to suggest the giving of instructions in the matter in the newspapers and the schools. We want the biggest kind of a military parade, and hope the redcoats will be brought over, and that 'Nathan Hale' will be given at the theater—and I'm sure I can promise for the Boys of '76 that the Salvation Army will have no end of firecrackers for the Polaks, and we'll pay for their lemonade and ginger pop."

The South and the Negro

V.—Social Equality versus Social Service

By Ernest Hamlin Abbott

"**T**HE negro problem," a thoughtful negro once said to me, "is an all-consuming one." He then went on to describe how this one problem in the South absorbed into itself all the other problems which elsewhere generally are distinct. The labor problem, the problem of private and public charity, the problem of public education, the problem of self-government, all present themselves to the people of the South as phases of the race problem. To put it more exactly, each of these problems, indeed every department of life, is tinted with race feeling.

There is a sense in which it is true that there is no race problem in the South. A problem implies a situation that is unsettled. If there is anything human that can bear all the evidence of being unalterable, it is the race feeling of the South, the determination on the part of Southern white people that there shall remain in the South for all time an unmixed white race. This, I think, is what was meant by the statement made to me time and again that no such thing as a race problem in the South exists. One day in a Northern city I was unwise enough in conversation to quote a Southern man's opinion that ultimately the races in the South would be amalgamated. A Southern young woman present flushed darkly. Though I had in no wise hinted that I shared the opinion, indeed I could not have done so, I felt that her resentment, expressed in words as well as in her face, was directed toward me for remembering what ought to be banished even from thought. This feeling, which is not race hatred, and only in a limited sense is race antipathy, is likely to be aroused at any time in a discussion of the labor problem where the laborers are negroes, of the charity problem where the beneficiaries are negroes, of the problems of popular gov-

ernment where any considerable number of the citizens are negroes, of the problems of education where a large proportion of the children to be educated are negroes. The race problem is therefore a group of problems bound together by a feeling.

Any discussion which differentiates this feeling from the problems it colors is a contribution to the solution of the race problem, for the race problem will cease to be a race problem as such only when it is generally recognized that regard for race integrity is compatible with rational and humane measures in industry, charity, popular government, and public education. It is as right as it is inevitable that all social intermingling which has for its aim social pleasure, and involves the relation of one home to another, or one family to another, of which, in short, both the natural basis and natural outcome is marriage, should be governed by feeling. But there is another kind of social intermingling which needs to be governed otherwise. In politics the relation of one citizen to another, in industry the relation of employee to employee and employee to employer, in education the relation of the community to the children, cannot be justly determined in precisely the same way as is the intercourse between congenial households. Confusion in thought on this subject may be avoided by recognizing the fact that the word "society" is used in two different senses. It may denote, in the words of the Century Dictionary, "those persons collectively who are united by the common bond of neighborhood and intercourse, and who recognize one another as associates, friends, and acquaintances," or it may denote "an entire civilized community . . . with its . . . body of common interests or aims." The phrase "social equality" rather clumsily expresses the basis on which congenial associates meet in

society in the first sense. The phrase "social service" describes the spirit in which civilized human beings mingle with the least friction in society in the second sense. "Social equality," or, in a preferable phrase, "social intimacy," depends on taste; "social service" depends solely on enlightenment. The race problem, in so far as it is a distinct problem of itself, consists in this question: How can the two races living in the same community mutually render "social service" without either of them conceding to the other "social intimacy"?

In the minds of many of the white people of the South there is no doubt a very genuine fear that social intimacy between members of the two races may easily become possible. An imaginable case of the sort was described to me several times in almost identical terms. A North Carolina lawyer put it this way: "You see, people are afraid of the first hole in the dike. In this town there are two or three families of mulattoes who are well-to-do. The children are educated and attractive. A poor white man, enticed by the beauty of one of these mulatto girls, and by the chance of comfort and the pleasures of travel which her money would afford, might be tempted to marry into the family. The girl and her people might be tempted in turn by the chance of a white alliance. The only thing that stands in the way of such a marriage is public opinion." That no one ever cited an actual case corresponding to this imaginary one is easily explicable; for the same public opinion which would prevent such an alliance likewise prevents every form of social intimacy that might permit an approach to it. Such public opinion has a greater force than any statute, for it is continuously expressed in countless ways all the more emphatic because indirect.

That this is not a purely Southern feeling was illustrated in conversations I had with two Northern men I met as I began this trip to the South. One, who hailed from a city on the bank of the Hudson, I talked with as we crossed the river in a ferryboat; the other, from Chicago, I talked with on the way to Washington. Each, in his way, was as

explicit as any man could be in expressing his aversion to any practice, no matter how highly sanctioned, which in the remotest degree threatened race integrity. Both, it happened, were Republicans, and not, therefore, inclined to take a Southern point of view for party reasons. Such aversion to anything like social intimacy between families of negroes and white people is Southern in the sense that there is more occasion for its expression in the South than in the North.

That this social intimacy between whites and blacks, which is so widely feared, is a specter of the imagination rather than an objective danger is an opinion I frequently heard expressed in the South. Indeed, the Southern lawyer whose supposititious case I have quoted added, "That, however, is an academic question. As I've said to others, there is less danger now than ever before; for there is less contact between the races." Even the illicit relation between white and black, a matter in some cases of pride and boasting within his memory, is now, he declared, a cause for ostracism. This I found many times corroborated. A clergyman of Virginia who supposed a case like that of the lawyer's deprived it of all force as an occasion for apprehension by saying at the same time that the relations between the races were growing more and more strained. What this means De Tocqueville long ago pointed out. "Those who hope that the Europeans will ever be amalgamated with the negroes," he wrote, in "Democracy in America," over fifty years ago, "appear to me to delude themselves." He gave his reason. Slavery he justly described as a continual barrier which needed no supplementary barrier of custom in order to keep the races apart. "In the South," he wrote, "where slavery still exists, the negroes are less carefully kept apart [from the whites than in the North]. . . . The master is not afraid to raise his slave to his own standing, because he knows that he can in a moment reduce him to the dust, at pleasure. In the North the white no longer distinctly perceives the barrier which separates him from the degraded race, and

he shuns the negro with the more pertinacity, since he fears lest they should some day be confounded together." And later, in the same chapter: "If I were called upon to predict the future, I should say that the abolition of slavery in the South will, in the common course of things, increase the repugnance of the white population for the blacks." My observations in the South have persuaded me that De Tocqueville's prophecy, if his word "repugnance" is limited to congenial intercourse, is confirmed. The mixture of races, which even the visible barrier of slavery did not prevent, has been brought almost to an end by the customs and manners of freedom.

What De Tocqueville apparently did not foresee is the growth of public opinion among the negroes themselves. This likewise is, so far as I found it expressed, a repugnance to social intimacy with the whites. For one apparent instance of such social intimacy, a negro servant was reported to me as expressing most sarcastic contempt. A negro lawyer, whose good sense was evident, said to me that among negroes "there was no desire for 'social equality.'" A negro minister, whose opinion was the more weighty because he put great emphasis on the value of the ballot for negroes, said that negroes were more prejudiced against whites than whites against negroes. The class of educated and well-to-do negroes is the class with which Southern white people, as they themselves have acknowledged to me, are least acquainted, and in which aversion for anything like social intimacy with the whites is the strongest. Every increase of this class, therefore, enlarges the barrier between the races. Personal enmity against negroes because they are negroes I have never happened to hear expressed on the part of whites; but such enmity against white people because they are white has, to my knowledge, been fiercely expressed by negroes. However unhappy may be the forms which this aversion to social intimacy between the races has assumed, its efficacy as a preventive of race intermingling is as clear as anything I saw with my own eyes in the South.

Fear of social intimacy leading to

race intermixture, I cannot help believing, is almost if not quite groundless. In this I share the opinion of many Southerners. It is therefore wholly needless to appeal to this motive of fear in order to keep the races distinct. The desire for race integrity on the part of both whites and blacks is growing, as the whole weight of testimony I heard during my trip went to show.

Varying devices have sprung up throughout the South which are designed to express this desire for race integrity, a desire amounting to determination, and as widespread as it is intense. Naturally, among many whites the only distinction conceived is that between superior and inferior. The phrase "social equality" implies this. In turn this explains why many Southerners, whose kindly feeling for negroes is indisputable, make it a practice, by incidental phrase and gesture, to assert their claim to superiority over the negro in every particular. But one Southerner, by relating to me two incidents, made very evident how futile such a practice was. "A negro," he said, naming him, "was foreman of the wood-working department of the — Buggy Manufacturing Company, with fifteen to eighteen white men under him, twenty-five years ago, and he is still there. A large farmer told me that labor conditions in the cotton-field were very trying; that negroes won't stay; and that unless negroes can be induced to come back, cotton-planting cannot be maintained; for in the cotton-fields the white man is *not the equal* of the negro. If that isn't 'equality,' what is it? This talk about equality is silly."

It is not necessary to see this claim to superiority over the negro in every device for the assertion of the distinction between the races. Such devices prevail throughout the South, but their forms vary in different localities. Some are merely arbitrary conventions. Such, for instance, are the regulations regarding travel. Separate compartments for the two races are generally to be found in the Southern States. In all my travels I have never noticed that the compartments were unequal in comfort. In fact, on one or two occasions when the

signs distinguishing the compartments were absent, and I happened to be the only passenger in the car, I had to be notified by the trainman that I was in the wrong compartment. In some Southern cities the two races are not separated in the street cars. In other cities one end of the car is vaguely assigned to one race, the other end to the other. Such methods of separating the races are purely conventional. I have never happened to hear of any instance where they worked an injustice. In one case, for instance, when I had occasion to carry on a prolonged conversation with a colored man on board a train, no objection was raised. On the other hand, several Southerners, in talking with me, declared these particular conventions to be needless. One in particular, who was very outspoken in his views controverting the practice of allowing negroes the ballot, was quite as outspoken in affirming that he did not believe in "Jim Crow cars" in his State. "I've been troubled more by disagreeable white people than by negroes," he said. "I dislike seeing negroes shut off by themselves." Along with the existence of this desire for distinction between the races, however, it is inevitable that outward symbols of it should exist. To have such symbols regulated by law, so that there shall be no necessary implication of inferiority in having the negroes "shut off by themselves," since the same treatment is accorded the whites, can rationally be defended against the alternative practice of allowing race feeling to express itself merely in the unjust whims of individuals.

Other conventions based on race feeling exist in the South not so arbitrary as these, and consequently more uniform. These concern more directly those members of the community "who are united by the common bond of neighborhood and intercourse, and who recognize one another as associates, friends, and acquaintances." Traditions which have naturally grown out of a society enjoying comfort and leisure under purely rural conditions have environed the life of every Southern family with a spirit of hospitality. One who is a guest in a Southern home is made *pro tempore*

a member of the family. One must be stupid indeed who, after having been a guest in the South, does not realize this. To the Southerner there is, therefore, a significance about every factor that enters into hospitality which is lacking in the busier, more urban, more matter-of-fact North. For two men to eat together may signify nothing except that both are hungry; a white man and his colored servant out for a day's hunting may eat their luncheon side by side on the same log; but to sit together at table surrounded with the conventional and comfortable accessories of civilization—that is different. The Northerner, accustomed to utilizing all the niches of time, may sit at table with a man as he would sit with him in his office, in order to save for business the moments between mouthfuls. The Southerner sits at table with a sense that his companion is receiving from him a pledge of social intimacy. The presence of women at a meal makes this pledge the more obvious. It is manifestly impossible to illustrate this phase of Southern feeling by incident; and as to quoting what is said of it in the South, that is equally impossible; for in those Southern homes where it is most delightfully exhibited, it is no more talked about than is any other characteristic charm. Such traditions surrounding every offer of hospitality inevitably suggest to the mind holding them that when two people of different races eat together at table the desire for race integrity is denied. What I found rarely recognized in the South is the fact that in other places, where these traditions do not prevail, the simple act of eating together lacks the significance it has in the South.

Some of the conventions signifying this desire for race integrity are apparently confusing even to Southerners themselves. People who would be horrified at the thought of a white athletic team contesting with a team of negroes throng to see an eleven of Virginia students play football with an eleven of Indians. Chinese students have been admitted to a university where negroes would never think even of applying for admission. In a Maryland town the station agent who had been active in

agitating the race equality issue during the State political campaign recommended to me a certain hotel which, as I passed it, was enjoying the patronage of a number of negroes at the bar. Southerners gave me differing explanations for instances such as these. As with other conventional observances, methods of distinguishing between the races seem to have their fashions varying with time and place. The one thing that is uniform is the feeling that some methods of distinction must be maintained.

Among the very Southerners, however, who feel most strongly that separation between the races, so far as all social intimacy is concerned, must be maintained, I found many who felt no less strongly that that separation had already extended too far in other matters. Society, in that sense of the word which denotes the whole body of civilized human beings in one community, cannot be divided safely into isolated fractions; no one could realize that more keenly than such white people of the South. Slavery, which was a barrier between the races, was at the same time, at least in its patriarchal form, a bond between them. Every Southern home was a community in which both whites and blacks had a common interest. When slavery disappeared, the barrier was replaced by those instinctive conventions of which I have spoken; but the bond, except for a reminiscent sentiment which weakened with the years, was gone. Of course, in those families where negroes remained as free servants, this bond continued intact; and still there are many white households which, as one large-minded and large-hearted Southern woman expressed it to me, "are training-schools for negroes," supplying them with habits that fit them for bearing their responsibility toward society. Domestic service, however, so far from providing any considerable solution to the problem of keeping the social fabric whole, is, if the great majority of my hostesses in the South were not exceptional, becoming yearly more of a problem itself. In almost every Southern community I have visited the tendency on the part of the colored peo-

ple is to form an inner community by themselves. The most extreme case of this I found in Louisiana a few years ago. The settlement was created by a lumber company. It consisted of about two hundred white people and five hundred negroes. So long as the colored people did not become too greatly indebted to the company and did not disturb too violently the peace of the settlement, they were apparently left largely to be a law unto themselves. Every man did what was right, or rather expedient, in his own eyes. Of the five hundred, not a dozen couples, so the local superintendent told me, were legally married or even permanently mated. Though this community was an extreme case, it was only the logical dissolution of society which follows complete isolation of the races.

Similar conditions obtain in more populous places. In a large negro church of a city in Virginia I heard a public appeal from the pulpit made on behalf of Sister H—, who, it was made evident, was living in the same state as the woman of Sychar. The appeal was grounded on the fact that the man with whom she was living could not be called upon to support this daughter of the church, because he was an unbeliever! That among negroes living under the conditions which this incident suggests there should be so many wholesome, clean homes as those which I both saw and heard of is a cause for surprise and hope regarding the negroes; but it promises little concerning the state of society under which such conditions can obtain. Circumstances of this sort are enough of themselves to explain the high death-rate and the prevalence of certain diseases in the negro population. Where there are so many living alongside of a civilized society and yet largely outside its pales, they cannot help suffering the evils of civilization even though they lose its good.

I am far from saying that everywhere in the South the negroes, so far as their relations among themselves are concerned, are left to their own devices without interference from the law or from the opinion of society at large; I

simply wish to point out that where race distinctions extend to disrupting the solidarity of society, those Southerners are not unreasonable who say that it is time to stop discussing race amalgamation and time to study how each race can render the best possible service to the other and to the civilized community to which both belong. At all events, it is only doing that which is intelligent to recognize that the feeling which insists on race integrity is consistent with a determination to preserve the fabric of civil-

ized society. It is an ideal state of society in which all of its members shall be actuated by the spirit of service; but this ideal does not make it necessary that all shall be on intimate terms as congenial associates. Whatever policies aim to promote social intimacy are legitimately determined by feeling; but all policies which tend to promote the solidarity of society, on a basis of mutual service, must be determined by principles of justice. "Social equality" and "social service" are entirely distinct.

The Social Secretary: A New Profession

By William H. Tolman

Director of the American Institute of Social Service

"I DON'T know why I should come to you with my trouble, but the other girls on my floor have told me how you were nice to them, so I thought I would come, for I've got to tell some one. You see, it's this way. Sister is in trouble and we've got to send her away awhile. It's the first time that anything of this kind happened, and we don't know what to do." The speaker, a shop-girl in a large department store, was confiding her trouble to Mrs. X——, the social secretary. A genuine interest and a few tactful questions brought out the fact that the younger sister, somewhat mentally defective, had been seduced. The family were heartbroken, not knowing where to turn or what to do. The social secretary at once went to the girl's home to help them, and made arrangements to take the sister to a home in a neighboring city. Not only did she take the wronged girl to the institution, but occasionally visited her, and later found a home for the little stranger. The entire plan was carried out quietly and tactfully. No words could express the gratitude of the old mother and sister towards the social secretary who had stood by the young unmarried mother in her hour of need.

In talking with a representative of a large New York daily, in 1899, the Director of the American Institute of Social Service told him that a new pro-

fession was under way. "What is it?" he asked. The Director replied, "A Social Secretary—that is, an official to be added to the staff of a business firm who shall be the point of contact between it and its employees so as to promote industrial betterment."

The article was copied extensively by the press of the United States, and brought to the Institute many inquiries. Soon after the Institute had made the public announcement of this new career, it received a letter from a woman in New England, who said she wanted to be a social secretary. How could she do it? We gave her the necessary information and told her that we would help in every possible way. She quickly grasped the idea, and went to the largest department store in her own city, telling the proprietor that he ought to have a social secretary, and that she wanted the position. It was the first time that he had ever heard of any such thing, or knew that he wanted one; but the woman convinced him that it would be one of the best things that he could do for his staff. He was favorably impressed, and gave her the position. He remarked, on a recent occasion, that she was worth to the store three times all that he had ever paid her in salary. Since then, social secretaries have been employed by firms in Providence, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago, Dayton, Greensboro, Detroit, and East Aurora.

The fact that the employees have some one to whom they can take their grievances without the fear that they will be discharged on the spot or misconstrued, but can be sure of sympathy and confident that their case will receive attention, is a source of great satisfaction. This kind of treatment creates a better feeling between employer and employee, because the workers realize that it is fair treatment; and no one responds more quickly to fair play than the workingman. Besides all this, the tactful sympathy of the social secretary often wins the confidence of the girls, who are led to intrust to her their home troubles and their personal private affairs. Many of these stories are full of pathos; the fact that the social secretary has been able to minister to "one of the least of these" fully justifies her existence, but, happily, these ministrations are bringing joy and encouragement to some tired and discouraged soul every working day.

"Mrs. X., I've just been discharged, and I don't know why. I know that I've done nothing wrong, and can't account for it. That isn't the worst of it, either, for my mother and I are the only support for my younger brothers and sisters. I'm afraid I've got to go, but I just thought I'd tell you about it, to see if you can't help me. Will you?" The social secretary was delighted to do what she could for the girl, who was known to be faithful and diligent. Inquiry proved that the girl had been discharged by the forewoman, whose jealousy had been aroused by the younger and more attractive woman. The social secretary presented the facts to the proper authority, with the result that the discharged girl was reinstated, but was given work on another floor. No further complaint was ever made.

In a study of English movements for industrial betterment in the summer of 1903, I met Mr. B. Seeborn Rowntree, of York. Questioning him concerning his factory, where there are some four thousand employees, I learned that he has four social secretaries with four assistants. For a long time he had taken a genuine interest in the welfare of his girls, and revolved in his mind

every possible plan for helping them. With the responsibility for the business management on his shoulders, he realized that it was impossible for him to promote this work of helpfulness, so he added to his staff these social secretaries, who should be points of contact between him and the rank and file of the industrial army.

"Mr. Rowntree," I asked, "is the social secretary considered as one of your employees?"

"Certainly," he replied. "Then, too, the fact that the social secretary is employed in the factory, subject also to discipline, is of the utmost importance and far-reaching benefit in establishing a personal touch of sympathy with the workers, all of whom are thus part of a big whole, not as mere cogs in the wheel, but as parts of the directing intelligence.

"Our social secretary meets the new girls at the very beginning of their factory life, for she engages the workers. References are asked for and are carefully inquired into. No married women are ever engaged, and in general no girl over eighteen."

"Is the social secretary sufficiently free, so that she can get a knowledge of all the departments in the factory?" I inquired.

"There, again," he replied, "is a great advantage in having one person, the social secretary, engage the workers, in that a uniform standard of requirement and character is maintained, so that a girl dismissed from one department cannot be engaged by another, where the superintendent may be less particular; the fact that the social secretary is not identified with any one department also lessens the chances of favoritism. Then, too, as all references are looked into, we can quickly learn if a girl left her former place under conditions not satisfactory, thus enabling us to do the right thing to other employers."

In the old days master and men worked together under one roof; they formed an independent community. To-day this closeness of relationship has been lost. The first time that a girl goes to work in a big factory, the strangeness of the new life, the timidity that comes with the forming of new

relationships, and the unusual fatigue, frequently bring about depression and discouragement. At the very threshold of this new life for the girl, she is met by the social secretary, who in a few tactful and friendly questions to the mother—for about half the girls are brought to this factory by their mothers—very soon ascertains a helpful knowledge of the girl's home life, why she has sought work, what schooling she may have had, and whether she knows any one in the factory. If she has come from a good home, where she has had a careful training, she is very likely shy and apprehensive about going to work. In that case both the girl and the mother learn what room the daughter will work in, what wages she will get; arrangements are made for one of her companions to call for her, and in general the girl is looked after until she has become settled in her new occupation.

In studying the life and labor in a great factory it might seem that the routine during work hours was of the first importance; but none the less important to them and their employer is the way the girls use their free time at home, on the streets, and during their periods of recreation and education. You may ask, why? So many girls have no idea of wholesome recreation; they want a pleasant time, but do not know how to get it. They walk the streets at night, ogling the men, picking up acquaintances, who lead them to dance halls, where they get their first lessons in drink; after that the downward career is begun. The desire for a good time is perfectly legitimate, but, in the absence of wise direction, finds its satisfaction in vicious surroundings, with the tendency ever downward. The social secretary organizes study classes. In the Rown-tree factory it has been found advantageous to apply a few guiding principles. Membership in the classes is limited to employees at the factory, thirty the upper limit, with fees from two to four cents a night, whether the girl is present or not. The social secretary is the administrative head, but the teachers are experts. The classes are not self supporting. This educational work is successful because it is instantly recognized that girls

hard at work all day do not care to learn too much or study too hard. The classrooms are bright and cheery; entertaining books are read to the girls while sewing; there is music, and the girls can talk to one another all they wish. A choral class composed of men and women is chiefly recruited from the office staff, thus holding the interest of the clerks, many of whom are hall bed-roomers.

Napoleon, one of the shrewdest of men, gave his first thought to the commissary department; what and how the industrial army eats is of the first importance to them. The social secretary organizes the factory dining-room, takes charge of the staff, buys the provisions, arranges the daily menu, thus insuring the best foodstuffs. Valuable social service is rendered by encouraging the more delicate girls to drink milk instead of tea. Five glasses of milk are sold for seven cents. A pint of soup is served for two cents; stew, meat and potatoes, or fish and potatoes, four cents; fruit, two cents. The dining-room seats 740, so that each girl has her regular place. At every table is a tap of boiling water. The dinners the girls bring are warmed free, and in order that they may lose no time, the tables are set with this food before they come in.

During the noon hour the secretaries have their finest opportunity for helpfulness. One sees that the girls are quickly served, looks to it that the tables are left tidy, and keeps the girls happy and reasonably quiet. The other secretary keeps good order in the garden and assists at the games. Two or three times during the winter concerts are given at the noon hour. A lecture-room adjoins the dining-room for use during the last half-hour. Once a week a religious meeting is held for those who wish; from an attendance of twelve girls when it was started by an outside worker it has grown to two hundred and fifty. At the noon hour the girls are on hand willing to be interested or amused, but they will not be preached or lectured to. This break in the routine of the work-day must be packed with brightness and happiness.

"How about the men and boys? do

you have social secretaries for them?" I queried.

"The same principle applies in their case," said Mr. Rowntree. "We employ two social secretaries, with two assistants. They engage all the men, except the skilled workers and the clerks; they have the receipt of suggestions and adoption of improvements in the workrooms; the responsible headship of the recreative and educational work; they visit the sick, and promote good fellowship; they arrange transfers from a department where the work is slack to another where there is too much; and they also can make promotions, in consultation with the heads of departments.

"Our board of directors expect the social secretaries to act as the representatives of the employees, and, as such, to bring before us, or the heads of departments, any grievances that affect the employees individually or collectively. We desire them to establish the most cordial and friendly relations with the foremen, for the sake of securing their intelligent co-operation and support for all the agencies that will make the employees happy and comfortable in their work; and in every way to encourage them to take a real interest in the workers under them. Not only that, but each employee has an opportunity to make any suggestion looking towards an improvement in the workrooms. All the secretaries, as a result of their reading or visits to other factories, are expected to do the same. By means of monthly reports, we are kept advised as to the progress of the betterment work, new suggestions made and future development planned."

The thrift, self-help societies, and savings funds are used for holiday tours and departmental excursions. For a self-help medical club, the collections are made in the firm's time and at its expense. The social secretaries, keeping in touch with the doctor, can act intelligently on his advice regarding patients requiring special treatment during illness or convalescence. Supplies of nursing requisites are kept for the use of the members. An ambulance class is free. To encourage the best effort, badges and

medals are presented to successful candidates. For the last two years every candidate has passed the examination, with the result that some sixty employees are fully qualified to render "first aid" in case of an accident in any part of the factory. The payment of four cents a week constitutes membership in the "sick society," with an allowance of \$1.75 each week for twelve weeks' sickness, after which 87 cents is paid for the following twelve weeks. The death benefit is \$10, paid to the widow from the society, the firm contributing an equal amount. From voluntary collections from the employees the sum of \$1,050 was given to the York County Hospital.

One powerful supporter of the saloon is the absence of rational recreation or amusement outside of work hours. If, now, to pleasurable occupation the element of profit or individual gain is added, there is a motive constantly operating for individual betterment. With this end in view, the firm has set aside some 250 garden plots at a nominal rental of \$2.50 to 62 cents a year, according to the size of the lot. Seed and manure are furnished free for the first year to boys under sixteen years of age. Prizes offered by the firm are awarded on the decision of one of the professors from the Yorkshire College. It is not surprising to learn that a flourishing Horticultural Society holds two shows each year.

In recognition of the desire on the part of every vigorous man for recreation, there are generous provisions for athletics, the directors having made a "coronation gift" of a pavilion, the athletic center. Here may be found the ruling spirits of the football, cricket, and harriers' clubs. On these grounds contests with competing clubs are held, while the annual sports meeting is the athletic event of the year in York. At the lawn fêtes and garden parties the services of a drum and fife, as well as a brass band, organized and maintained by the employees, are at hand. The grounds adjoining the factory are used for garden parties and lawn fêtes.

The business man strives for the highest efficiency in the making, selling, and

advertising part of his factory, mill, or store; no detail is too trifling, nor can too great care be exercised; but all the while the labor end of his business, the human part of it, is taking care of itself, or left to the professional caretaker, who is not in the employ of the firm, nor is he always in business for his health.

"What," I asked the social secretary in one of New York's largest department stores, "from your point of view, is your work?" After a moment's thought she said, "I think that I would state it like this: to advise, to uplift, to inspire with courage and ambition, to censure judiciously, and to try to point out the best course in each individual case."

I have shown what the social secretary can do within the business itself and for the employees after hours, but there is a social service even wider than this that can be performed. Many a bit of human experience in sorrow and suffering comes dangerously near the tragic, and, but for the word of hope and cheer, all grip on the present might be lost. Every individual who is saved for himself is saved for society; instead of becoming a dependent, he not only stands alone, but is the means of helping another. Let me illustrate by a story told me by a social secretary.

"One day, a quietly dressed young woman came to me asking for work. She was a stranger in New York and was unable to earn more than \$4 a week. With a boy seven years of age it was impossible for her to support both on this income. I saw at once that she was a gentlewoman, and became interested in her, securing her a position as saleswoman. Her work was excellent; every day her sales equaled and often exceeded those of the others. One day she came to me looking so dispirited and miserable that I was startled. 'I am absolutely discouraged,' she said. 'It seems as if I could not stand it any longer, and I would give up everything if it was not for my boy.'

"It was very plain that she needed a little heartening up, and I gave her words of encouragement. After that she used to come for a talk with me whenever the old desperation and discouragement settled down upon her. She listened

eagerly to every word of cheer, and as she had a brave spirit and stout heart, she always went away happier. I came greatly to admire her pluck, but it was evident that some trouble was pressing on her mind, and that her new life was entirely different from what she had been accustomed to.

"The day before Christmas I thought of her, and so I went to look for her, hoping that I might be able to help her a little, when, to my surprise, I found that she was not in the store, and was at once assailed by the greatest fear. A few days after she came in one morning to see me, with her little boy. I at once noticed what a transformation had taken place, she was no longer a quietly dressed woman, with a sober and anxious face. Buoyant and exuberant happiness radiated over her like sunshine. 'I have come,' she said, 'to make confession to you before I leave New York, because I am going home, for my husband has come for me. I am going back with him,' she continued. 'I went away from home without my husband's knowledge, because I felt that he had ceased to love me or need me. He is a man very prominent in business and politics, and these interests absorbed him so thoroughly that he had no time for me, and we began to grow apart. I became dispirited; I suppose I grew fairly morbid over it, and I finally took my boy and came to New York, thinking that there I could be independent, and earn enough to support us both. In the meantime my husband has been searching all over the country for us, but he found no trace. He had grown ill during our absence, all because of worry, and I had thought he did not love me any more! My little boy, knowing how unhappy I was, finally wrote to his father, telling him of our whereabouts, when he lost no time in coming for us.'

"In conclusion she said, 'I have been so miserable that it seemed sometimes as if I could not stand the strain any longer; in truth, I could not have borne up had it not been for your help. My husband came the day before Christmas, and this is the happiest day of our lives. Now we are going home together.'"

THE MOUNTAINS¹

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE FOREST," "THE BLAZED TRAIL," "THE SILENT PLACES," ETC.

IX.—The Trail

WHEN you say "trail" to a Westerner, his eye lights up. This is because it means something to him. To another it may mean something entirely different, for the blessed word is of that rare and beautiful category which is at once of the widest significance and the most intimate privacy to him who utters it. To your mind leaps the picture of the dim forest-aisies and the murmurings of tree-top breezes; to him comes a vision of the wide, dusty desert; to me, perhaps, a high, wild country of wonder. To all of us it is the slender, unbroken, never-ending thread connecting experiences.

For in a mysterious way, not to be understood, our trails never do end. They stop sometimes, and wait patiently while we dive in and out of houses, but always, when we are ready to go on, they are ready too, and so take up the journey placidly as though nothing had intervened. They begin, when? Sometime, away in the past, you may remember a single episode, vivid through the mists of extreme youth. Once a very little boy walked with his father under a green roof of leaves that seemed farther than the sky and as unbroken. All of a sudden the man raised his gun and fired upwards, apparently through the green roof. A pause ensued. Then, hurtling roughly through still that same green roof, a great bird fell, hitting the earth with a thump. The very little boy was I. My trail must have begun there under the bright green roof of leaves.

From that earliest moment the Trail unrolls behind you like a thread so that never do you quite lose connection with your selves. There is something a little fearful to the imaginative in the insistence of it. You may camp, you may

linger, but some time or another, sooner or later, you must go on, and when you do, then once again the Trail takes up its continuity without reference to the muddled place you have tramped out in your indecision or indolence or obstinacy or necessity. It would be exceedingly curious to follow out in patience the chart of a man's going, tracing the pattern of his steps with all its windings of nursery, playground, boys afiel, country, city, plain, forest, mountain, wilderness, home, always on and on into the higher country of responsibility until at the last it leaves us at the summit of the Great Divide. Such a pattern would tell his story as surely as do the tracks of a partridge on the snow.

A certain magic inheres in the very name, or at least so it seems to me. I should be interested to know whether others feel the same glamour that I do in the contemplation of such syllables as the Lo-Lo Trail, the Tunemah Trail, the Mono Trail, the Bright Angel Trail. A certain elasticity of application, too, leaves room for the more connotation. A trail may be almost anything. There are wagon-trails which East would rank as macadam roads; horse-trails that would compare favorably with our best bridie-paths; foot-trails in the fur country worn by constant use as smooth as so many garden-walks. Then again there are other arrangements. I have heard a mule-driver overwhelmed with skeptical derision because he claimed to have upset but six times in traversing a certain bit of trail not over five miles long; in charts of the mountains are marked many trails which are only "ways through"—you will find few traces of predecessors; the same can be said of trails in the great forests where even an Indian is sometimes at fault.

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"Johnny, you're lost," accused the white man. "Trail lost; Injun here," denied the red man. And so after your experience has led you by the camp-fires of a thousand delights, and each of those camp-fires is on the Trail, which only pauses courteously for your stay and then leads on untiring into new mysteries forever and ever, you come to love it as the donor of great joys. You too become a Westerner, and when somebody says "trail," your eye too lights up.

The general impression of any particular trail is born rather of the little incidents than of the big accidents. The latter are exotic, and might belong to any time or place; the former are individual. For the Trail is a vantage-ground, and from it, as your day's travel unrolls, you see many things. Ninetenths of your experience comes thus, for in the long journeys the side excursions are few enough and unimportant enough almost to merit classification with the accidents. In time the character of the Trail thus defines itself.

Most of all, naturally, the kind of country has to do with this generalized impression. Certain surprises, through trees, of vista looking out over unexpected spaces; little notches in the hills beyond which you gain to a placid far country sleeping under a sun warmer than your elevation permits; the delicious excitement of the moment when you approach the very knife-edge of the summit and wonder what lies beyond—these are the things you remember with a warm heart. Your saddle is a point of vantage. By it you are elevated above the country; from it you can see clearly. Quail scuttle away to right and left, heads ducked low; grouse boom solemnly on the rigid limbs of pines; deer vanish through distant thickets to appear on yet more distant ridges, thence to gaze curiously, their great ears forward; across the cañon the bushes sway violently with the passage of a cinnamon bear among them—you see them all from your post of observation. Your senses are always alert for these things; you are always bending from your saddle to examine the tracks and signs that continually offer themselves for your inspection and interpretation.

Our trail of this summer led at a general high elevation, with comparatively little climbing and comparatively easy traveling for days at a time. Then suddenly we would find ourselves on the brink of a great box cañon from three to seven thousand feet deep, several miles wide, and utterly precipitous. In the bottom of this cañon would be good feed, fine groves of trees, and a river of some size in which swam fish. The trail to the cañon-bed was always bad, and generally dangerous. In many instances we found it bordered with the bones of horses that had failed. The river had somehow to be forded. We would camp a day or so in the good feed and among the fine groves of trees, fish in the river, and then address ourselves with much reluctance to the ascent of the other bad and dangerous trail on the other side. After that, in the natural course of events, subject to variation, we could expect nice trails, the comfort of easy travel, pines, cedars, redwoods, and joy of life until another great cleft opened before us or another great mountain-pass barred our way.

This was the web and woof of our summer. But through it ran the patterns of fantastic delight such as the West alone can offer a man's utter disbelief in them. Some of these patterns stand out in memory with peculiar distinctness.

Below Farewell Gap is a wide cañon with high walls of dark rock, and down those walls run many streams of water. They are white as snow with the dash of their descent, but so distant that the eye cannot distinguish their motion. In the half-light of dawn, with the yellow of sunrise behind the mountains, they look like gauze streamers thrown out from the windows of morning to celebrate the solemn pageant of the passing of many hills.

Again, I know of a cañon whose westerly wall is colored in the dull rich colors, the fantastic patterns, of a Moorish tapestry. Umber, seal brown, red, terra-cotta, orange, Nile green, emerald, purple, cobalt blue, gray, lilac, and many other colors, all rich with the depth of satin, glow wonderful as the craftiest textures. Only here the fabric is five miles long and half a mile wide.

There is no use in telling of these things. They, and many others of their like, are marvels, and exist; but you cannot tell about them, for the simple reason that the average reader concludes at once you must be exaggerating, must be carried away by the swing of words. The cold sober truth is, you cannot exaggerate. They haven't made the words. Talk as extravagantly as you wish to one who will in the most child-like manner believe every syllable you utter. Then take him into the Big Country. He will probably say, "Why, you didn't tell me it was going to be anything like *this*!" We in the East have no standards of comparison either as regards size or as regards color—especially color. Some people once directed me to "The Gorge" on the New England coast. I couldn't find it. They led me to it, and rhapsodized over its magnificent terror. I could have ridden a horse into the ridiculous thing. As for color, no Easterner believes in it when such men as Lungren or Parrish transposit it faithfully, any more than a Westerner would believe in the autumn foliage of our own hardwoods, or an Englishman in the glories of our gaudiest sunsets. They are all true.

In the mountains, the high mountains above the seven or eight thousand foot level, grows an affair called the snow-plant. It is, when full grown, about two feet in height, and shaped like a loosely constructed pine-cone set up on end. Its entire substance is like wax, and the whole concern—stalk, broad curling leaves, and all—is a brilliant scarlet. Sometime you will ride through the twilight of deep pine woods growing on the slope of the mountain, a twilight intensified, rendered more sacred to your mood by the external brilliancy of a glimpse of vivid blue sky above dazzling snow mountains far away. Then, in this monotone of dark green olive and dull brown trunk and deep olive shadow, where, like the ordered library of one with quiet tastes, nothing breaks the harmony of unobtrusive tone, suddenly flames the vivid red of a snow-plant. You will never forget it.

Flowers in general seem to possess this concentrated brilliancy both of color

and of perfume. You will ride into and out of strata of perfume as sharply defined as are the quartz strata on the ridges. They lie sluggish and cloying in the hollows, too heavy to rise on the wings of the air.

As for color, you will see all sorts of queer things. The ordered flower-science of your childhood has gone mad. You recognize some of your old friends, but strangely distorted and changed—even the dear old "butter 'n' eggs" has turned pink! Patches of purple, of red, of blue, of yellow, of orange, are laid in the hollows or on the slopes like brilliant blankets out to dry in the sun. The fine grasses are spangled with them, so that in the cup of the great fierce countries the meadows seem like beautiful green ornaments enameled with jewels. The Mariposa Lily, on the other hand, is a poppy-shaped flower varying from white to purple, and with each petal decorated by an "eye" exactly like those on the great Cecropia or Polyphemus moths, so that their effect is that of a flock of gorgeous butterflies come to rest. They hover over the meadows poised. A movement would startle them to flight; only the proper movement somehow never comes.

The great redwoods, too, add to the colored-edition impression of the whole country. A redwood, as perhaps you know, is a tremendous big tree, sometimes as big as twenty feet in diameter. It is exquisitely proportioned, like a fluted column of noble height. Its bark is slightly furrowed longitudinally, and of a peculiar elastic appearance that lends it an almost perfect illusion of breathing animal life. The color is a rich umber red. Sometimes in the early morning or the late afternoon, when all the rest of the forest is cast in shadow, these massive trunks will glow as though incandescent. The Trail, wonderful always, here seems to pass through the outer portals of the great flaming regions where dwell the risings and fallings of days.

As you follow the Trail up, you will enter also the permanent dwelling-places of the seasons. With us each visits for the space of a few months, then steals away to give place to the next. Whither

they go you have not known until you have traveled the high mountains. Summer lives in the valley; that you know. Then a little higher you are in the spring-time, even in August. Melting patches of snow linger under the heavy firs; the earth is soggy with half-absorbed snow-water, trickling with exotic little rills that do not belong; grasses of the year before float like drowned hair in pellucid pools with an air of permanence, except for the one fact; fresh green things are sprouting bravely; through bare branches trickles a shower of bursting buds, larger at the top, as though the Sower had, in passing, scattered them from above. Birds of extraordinary cheerfulness sing merrily to new and doubtful flowers. The air tastes cold, but the sun is warm. The great spring humming and promise is in the air. And a few thousand feet higher you wallow over the surface of drifts while a winter wind searches your bones. I used to think that Santa Claus dwelt at the North Pole. Now I am convinced that he has a workshop somewhere among the great mountains where dwell the Seasons, and that his reindeer paw for grazing in the alpine meadows below the highest peaks.

Here the birds migrate up and down instead of south and north. It must be a great saving of trouble to them, and undoubtedly those who have discovered it maintain toward the unenlightened the same delighted and fraternal secrecy with which you and I guard the knowledge of a good trout-stream. When you can migrate adequately in a single day, why spend a month at it?

Also do I remember certain spruce woods with openings where the sun shone through. The shadows were very black, the sunlight very white. As I looked back I could see the pack-horses alternately suffer eclipse and illumination in a strange flickering manner good to behold. The dust of the trail eddied and billowed lazily in the sun, each mote flashing as though with life; then abruptly as it crossed the sharp line of shade it disappeared.

From these spruce woods, level as a floor, we came out on the rounded shoulder of a mountain to find ourselves nearly nine thousand feet above the sea.

Below us was a deep cañon to the middle of the earth. And spread in a semi-circle about the curve of our mountain a most magnificent panoramic view. First there were the plains, represented by a brown haze of heat; then, very remote, the foot-hills, the brush-hills, the pine mountains, the upper timber, the tremendous granite peaks, and finally the barrier of the main crest with its glittering snow. From the plains to that crest was over seventy miles. I should not dare say how far we could see down the length of the range; nor even how distant was the other wall of the cañon over which we rode. Certainly it was many miles; and to reach the latter point consumed three days.

It is useless to multiply instances. The principle is well enough established by these. Whatever impression of your trail you carry away will come from the little common occurrences of every day. That is true of all trails; and equally so, it seems to me, of our Trail of Life sketched at the beginning of this essay.

But the trail of the mountains means more than wonder; it means hard work. Unless you stick to the beaten path, where the freighters have lost so many mules that they have finally decided to fix things up a bit, you are due for lots of trouble. Bad places will come to be a nightmare with you and a topic of conversation with whomever you may meet. We once enjoyed the company of a prospector three days while he made up his mind to tackle a certain bit of trail we had just descended. Our accounts did not encourage him. Every morning he used to squint up at the cliff which rose some four thousand feet above us. "Boys," he said finally, as he started, "I may drop in on you later in the morning." I am happy to say he did not.

The most discouraging to the tender-foot, but in reality the safest of all bad trails, is the one that skirts a precipice. Your horse possesses a laudable desire to spare your inside leg unnecessary abrasion, so he walks on the extreme outer edge. If you watch the performance of the animal ahead, you will observe that every few moments his outer hind hoof slips off that edge, knocking

little stones down into the abyss. Then you conclude that sundry slight jars you have been experiencing are from the same cause. Your peace of mind deserts you. You stare straight ahead, sit *very* light indeed, and perhaps turn the least bit sick. The horse, however, does not mind, nor will you, after a little. There is absolutely nothing to do but to sit steady and give your animal his head. In a fairly extended experience I never got off the edge but once. Then somebody shot a gun immediately ahead; my horse tried to turn around, slipped, and slid backwards until he overhung the chasm. Fortunately, his hind feet caught a tiny bush. He gave a mighty heave, and regained the trail. Afterwards I took a look and found that there were no more bushes for a hundred feet either way.

Next in terror to the unaccustomed is an ascent by lacets up a very steep side hill. The effect is cumulative. Each turn brings you one stage higher, adds definitely one more unity to the test of your hardihood. This last has not terrified you; how about the next? or the next? or the one after that? There is not the slightest danger. You appreciate this point after you have met head-on some old-timer. After you have speculated frantically how you are to pass him, he solves the problem by calmly turning his horse off the edge and sliding to the next lacet below. Then you see that with a mountain horse it does not much matter whether you get off such a trail or not.

The real bad places are quite as likely to be on the level as on the slant. The tremendous granite slides, where the cliff has avalanched thousands of tons of loose jagged rock-fragments across the passage, are the worst. There your horse has to be a goat in balance. He must pick his way from the top of one fragment to the other, and if he slips into the interstices he probably breaks a leg. In some parts of the granite country are also smooth rock aprons where footing is especially difficult, and where often a slip on them means a toboggan chute off into space. I know of one spot where such an apron curves off the shoulder of the mountain. Your horse slides directly

down it until his hoofs encounter a little crevice. Checking at this, he turns sharp to the left and so off to the good trail again. If he does not check at the little crevice, he slides on over the curve of the shoulder and lands too far down to bury.

Loose rocks in numbers on a very steep and narrow trail are always an abomination, and a numerous abomination at that. A horse slides, skates, slithers. It has always seemed to me that luck must count largely in such a place. When the animal treads on a loose round stone—as he does every step of the way—that stone is going to roll under him, and he is going to catch himself as the nature of that stone and the little gods of chance may will. Only, furthermore, I have noticed that the really good horse keeps his feet, and the poor one tumbles. A judgmatical rider can help a great deal by the delicacy of his riding and the skill with which he uses his reins. Or, better still, get off and walk.

Another mean combination, especially on a slant, is six inches of snow over loose stones or small boulders. There you hope for divine favor and flounder ahead. There is one compensation; the snow is soft to fall on. Boggy areas you must be able to gauge the depth of at a glance. And there are places, beautiful to behold, where a horse clammers up the least bit of an ascent, hits his pack against a projection, and is hurled into outer space. You must recognize these, for he will be busy with his feet.

Some of the mountain rivers furnish pleasing afternoons of sport. They are deep and swift, and below the ford are rapids. If there is a fallen tree of any sort across them—remember the length of California trees, and do not despise the rivers—you would better unpack, carry your goods across yourself, and swim the pack-horses. If the current is very bad, you can splice riatas, hitch one end to the horse and the other to a tree on the farther side, and start the combination. The animal is bound to swing across somehow. Generally you can drive them over loose. In swimming a horse from the saddle, start him well

upstream to allow for the current, and never, never, never attempt to guide him by the bit. The Tenderfoot tried that at Mono Creek and nearly drowned himself and Old Slob. You would better let him alone, as he probably knows more than you do. If you must guide him, do it by hitting the side of his head with the flat of your hand.

Sometimes it is better that you swim. You can perform that feat by clinging to his mane on the downstream side; but it will be easier both for you and him if you hang to his tail. Take my word for it, he will not kick you.

Once in a blue moon you may be able to cross the whole outfit on logs. Such a log bridge spanned Granite Creek near the North Fork of the San Joaquin at an elevation of about seven thousand feet. It was suspended a good twenty feet above the water, which boiled white in a most disconcerting manner through a gorge of rocks. If anything fell off that log, it would be of no further value even to the curiosity-seeker. We got over all the horses save Tunemah. He refused to consider it, nor did peaceful argument win. As he was more or less of a fool, we did not take this as a reflection on our judgment, but culled cedar clubs. We beat him until we were ashamed. Then we put a slip-noose about his neck. The Tenderfoot and I stood on the log and heaved while Wes

stood on the shore and pushed. Suddenly it occurred to me that if Tunemah made up his silly mind to come, he would probably do it all at once, in which case the Tenderfoot and I would have about as much show for life as fossil formations. I didn't say anything about it to the Tenderfoot, but I hitched my six-shooter around to the front, resolved to find out how good I was at wing-shooting horses. But Tunemah declared he would die for his convictions. "All right," said we, "die then," with the embellishment of profanity. So we stripped him naked, and stoned him into the raging stream, where he had one chance in three of coming through alive. He might as well be dead as on the other side of that stream. He won through, however, and now I believe he'd tackle a tight rope.

Of such is the Trail, of such its wonders, its pleasures, its little comforts, its annoyances, its dangers. And when you are forced to draw your six-shooter to end mercifully the life of an animal that has served you faithfully, but that has fallen victim to the leg-breaking hazard of the way, then you know a little of its tragedy also. May you never know the greater tragedy, when a man's life goes out, and you unable to help! May always your trail lead through fine trees, green grasses, fragrant flowers, and pleasant waters!

Now

By Liska Stillman

Centuries of color may burn in the west,
And whole seas of dawn in the east reply,
Before the sun's heart shall at anchor lie,
Before moon and star grown tired of quest,
Or heavenly lips to this earth are pressed.
Yet ever, anon, through the spirit's cry,
There cometh a breath, a vow from the sky,
That sinks the soul into fathoms of rest.

Already befallen is day of doom,
And, woven fast in eternity's loom,
Glistening the threads of the past shine clear;
While afar in the deeps of the atmosphere
The rays of the future separate gloom,
And soul of the farthest dream draws near.

The Women of America'

Twelfth Paper—The Woman on the Farm

By Elizabeth McCracken

IT is an interesting circumstance that, while a person who has never lived even for a brief summer on a farm may hold somewhat pessimistic opinions of farm life, and descant at great length upon its loneliness, its endless toil and narrow opportunities, in the mind of a man or woman who has been an inmate of a farm-house, either as a member of its household or as a guest, farm life would seem never to lose a certain beauty and sweetness—the beauty of simple living; the sweetness of labor which, beginning with each sunrise and ending with each sunset, as a crowning reward invites the laborer at the close of the day to rest, “to look, each night, on some plain work well wrought.” All the tortuous noise and haste and fever of the city cannot take from one who is country-bred the memory of that quiet which with the coming of evening crept over the spirit of the farmer’s household.

One day in Chicago, at the Board of Trade, to which the weird recollection of a much earlier visit had impelled me to go for a newer impression, I chanced to meet a woman, an old acquaintance, whose childhood had been passed on a farm in Minnesota. She had lived three times as many years in Chicago as on the farm; but as we slowly left the balcony from which we had been gazing, not without sympathetic excitement, upon the tumultuous scene below, her sole comment was, “To have seen wheat produced, and then to see it sold, constitutes to my mind what Thomas Hardy would call one of ‘Life’s Little Ironies’!”

Her words recalled to my mind a farm in Nebraska, upon which, many years ago, I once spent a long and sunny summer day. The farm, at that time, was new and not very large; its household consisted of its owner, a young man who performed unaided more than half of the outdoor work of the place; his wife,

a woman not so old in years as the average junior in a girls’ college, upon whom not only the entire care of the house, but also much of the labor connected with the minor enterprises of the farm itself, devolved; and their first and only child, a baby girl, with wide blue eyes, whose name was Ruth.

“I thought Ruth *just* the right name to give to a little girl who would grow up with wheat and corn fields around her,” the mother had said in quaint explanation, when I had asked why the baby had been given a name not borne by some relative or friend.

With the remembrance of that day at the Nebraskan farm came also a desire to know what had since befallen the small blue-eyed Ruth. Before I left Chicago, I wrote to her mother. Being the much older sister of a schoolmate of mine, and a schoolmate, moreover, in a boarding-school, I had known her very slightly. “You may perhaps have forgotten me,” I concluded my letter, “but I remember you, and your baby, too—and the wheat and corn fields surrounding your home.”

Long before, in the course of my investigation, I reached Nebraska, I received a reply to my letter, inviting me to come again to the farm to spend a day, “though the month being January, not ‘a summer day,’” and telling me that the baby girl, now fourteen years of age, was in Omaha for the winter, going to school, and hoping to go subsequently to the State University. “She has grown like the *other* Ruth, ‘mid the golden corn,’” wrote the mother, using the form and emphasis of expression which had been habitual to her during the small girl’s babyhood. “Her father and I couldn’t *wish* a better daughter than she is. You admired her when she was a baby; and I think you’d *love* her now. It’s hard for her to be away from us—she never was before—and it is hard for us to have her away; but she wants the education, and we want her to have it.”

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It was not possible for me to go to the farm, even for one day; but while I was in Omaha, in February, I had the great pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with the little daughter of the farm. Her mother had given me the address of the cousin with whom the little girl was making a temporary home; and one cold and windy afternoon I found my way to the house. After a prolonged interval of waiting on its wind-swept piazza, a German servant-maid opened the door in answer to my repeated ringing of the bell. "Nobody's home," she instantly said; "'cep' the childern," she amended, "and they's out coastin'."

She finally yielded, though not without reluctance, to my request that she ask them to come in, if only for a moment, to see me; and even relented to the extent of suggesting that I come in myself out of the cold. She left me in a room the furnishings of which betokened an elaborate and somewhat lavishly gratified taste; and while I waited I could not forbear comparing it with the small, plain living-room which had been to me one of the pleasantest places in the house among the fields of corn and wheat.

While I was still reflecting upon their distinctly interesting differences, the servant-maid returned followed by two little girls of very nearly the same size. One of them greeted me with shy and pretty courtesy and then slipped quietly away; but the other, after a most affectionate welcome, seated herself upon a hassock at my feet, and, taking both my hands in hers, gazed up at me and said, eagerly, "My mother wrote that you remembered *exactly* what I was like when I was a baby! You must remember *just* what *she* was like, too, then! Please tell me!"

As I told her I looked at her. She was a radiant little girl; her tumbled brown hair had bright strands in it, her blue eyes shone, and, notwithstanding her extreme youth, her lips were very sensitive and sweet.

"You remind me of your mother," I said, as I finished a minute account of my one visit to the farm.

"Do I?" she exclaimed. "I'm *so* glad when I remind people of her. Oh, it's been *lovely* to hear what she was like when I was a baby!"

"But, surely, a great many persons can tell you that," I suggested.

"Yes," agreed the little girl; "but I specially wanted *you* to; because she says you remember *exactly* about me; so I *knew* you would about *her*. I've been so *anxious* to see you *ever* since she told me you were coming!" The charm of her fervent italics is as indescribable as it was subtly reminiscent of her mother, regarding my recollections of whom she could not hear too much.

She put many questions to me respecting my one brief visit to her home; some of these inquiries were with regard to her father, several of them related to her own characteristics as a baby, and a few were concerned with the farm itself; but the large majority of them had reference to her mother. All her questions, while not unnaturally childish, were yet significant, and the queries touching her mother were of especial interest; but more significant even than the number and proportions of her inquiries was the explanation she presently gave me of the peculiarly intimate friendship which she, though only fourteen years old, so obviously had with her mother.

"You know, I've always lived on the farm until this winter," she began, when I said finally that I had told her quite everything I could recall in connection with that pleasant summer day of which she had no memory whatever; "so I've been with my mother a *great* deal!"

"Isn't one, usually, up to fourteen, even though one doesn't live on a farm?" I ventured, as she paused.

"Not *nearly* as much!" dissented the little girl, emphatically. "Now, there's my cousin—the one who came in with me; she's my *second* cousin, of course, you know—she doesn't know *her* mother *half* as well as I do *mine*!"

"She may know her *differently*," I suggested, falling into my small companion's italics; "but probably she knows her quite as *well*."

The child from the farm considered for a moment; and then she lifted a thoughtful face. "I don't think so," she said, slowly. "You see, I've seen my mother almost all the *whole* time ever since I was born. I almost *always* could do everything she did, and go everywhere

she went. It was so unusual when I couldn't that I always heard afterward every *word* about what happened. Now, my cousin—the one you saw—doesn't do that way with her mother! They *couldn't*! Her mother goes too many places, and does too many things that—she says—aren't for children. And it takes her so much time to do them that she wouldn't have time to *tell* about them even if her daughter wanted to hear, which she doesn't much. There are a lot of things of her *own* that she's interested in doing, things that don't happen on a farm; and she has a good many friends of her own age, which I, of course, couldn't have at home, because no one lived *very* near. Oh, she's perfectly happy; it's what she's used to; but—you see, I *have* been more with my mother?" she concluded, interrogatively.

"City life has its complications," I said, forgetting that the speaker to whom I had been listening was a very little girl; "especially for a mother."

"Yes," instantly agreed the child beside me; "it *has*! That's why I'm glad my home has been in the country. If my mother had lived in the city, I suppose she would have had to do the way my cousin does; but on a farm she doesn't have to, because she *can't*." The little girl was silent for a moment, and then, with a lovely smile, she said softly, "I'm glad; and I think *she* is, too!"

As we were going together to my car somewhat later, I said to the child: "I suppose you saw your mother during the Christmas holidays."

"Oh, yes," she returned; "I went home then; and I shall be at home Easter, too; and all next summer. We write letters, too; I never had letters from home before, because I never was away before." She looked at me soberly for an instant. "I miss my mother *dreadfully*," she continued; "that's because I have been with her all the time, always." She reflected for another moment. "Do you know the saying, 'What is home without a mother?'" she inquired, with quaint gravity. "Well," she went on, without waiting for my reply, "it might be *something* of a home, perhaps, in the city, where there is so much else; but it wouldn't be *anything* on a farm!"

This speech recurred to me very often as I journeyed about the United States, meeting many women, and visiting homes of many types. However one's wider experience may lead one to qualify that portion of the little girl's broadly general statement appertaining to the city home, with those of her words which described the home in the country even the most carefully statistical person may entirely agree. The life of the farm-house, as she implied, springs from, and is molded by, the mother who dwells in that house. Without her untiring love and her never-failing care, it cannot be either established or sustained. In the truest meaning of the term, the mother on the farm is a housekeeper.

The farm, in the very nature of things, must be comparatively far removed in distance even from the nearest neighboring farms; and this enforced isolation necessitates a daily life so apparently limited in opportunities for social intercourse that only a wise woman's "sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision" can make it happy, and good, and complete. The woman who lives on a farm must be not only the guide and teacher—often the sole teacher—of her children; she must be also their companion and their friend. Not only does her husband look to her for the inspiration of sympathy and the help of counsel in his effort for the maintenance of the family; he turns to her for aid in the actual performance of that work itself. In addition to her household duties, she attends personally, as a matter of course, to a certain fixed part of the common labor of the farm. Her children, even while they are still very young, are trained to assist both parents to the extent of their several abilities. Of this community of closely mutual endeavor and achievement, the mother is indeed the animating spirit. In the deepest sense she orders, arranges, and decides. Whatever else the farm might be, lacking her, it could not be, even in the most infinitesimal degree, a home.

It had been suggested to me at the beginning of my investigation that the increased means of communication with the outside world which a greater number of railroad stations, the rural mail

delivery, and, in many cases, trolleys and telephones, now afford farming districts, must unquestionably have altered very considerably the conditions of farm life; and—especially—have enriched incalculably the opportunities of the woman of the farm-house. Feeling that no one could possess so valuable an opinion on this subject as that woman herself, I asked questions relative to it at each farm to which I went. Two of the replies which I received were particularly interesting and indicative.

The first of these was given me by a woman at whose farm in Oregon I spent two of the happiest of the many happy days of my journeyings. Her home was among the mountains, three miles from a little town in the valley, to which she sent a boy with a wagon to meet another guest and myself on the night of our arrival.

It was a very dark night. The only lights were a lantern, with a flickering flame, carried by the boy, and the stars. My companion and I had traveled since early morning on the small trading vessel which had left us at last on the sandy shore at the foot of the great mountain range. As we drove up the steep road, through the soft darkness, listening to the murmur of cataracts and the whisper of the wind in the trees, my friend said, involuntarily, "How far away the world seems!"

For the moment it did seem very far away; but when presently we reached the farm-house, and were met by the woman of the house, we realized that that which makes the world sweet to us was very near. She was a quiet woman, with a gentle and beautiful face, a face revealing reserves of tenderness and strength to which one might trust many times over, and trust again, and yet again, and still not be disappointed. As my companion afterward said, she had "the mother look."

Her only child was a daughter, who, in appearance and in manner and in the ease with which she did many diverse things, reminded me of girls whom I had met in Eastern colleges. She helped her mother in her household duties, sewed upon the daintiest possible gown for herself, and, from a picture, wove

into a basket which she was making an intricate Indian design; all with that blithe readiness so familiar to me because of my acquaintance with college girls.

The month being March, we saw none of the larger activities of the farm. Could we have seen them, they would without doubt have been of exceeding interest, for the somewhat extensive farm-lands, as we soon learned, were used for the cultivation of strawberries; and the laborers employed to do the work in the fields were Indians.

It was just after my hostess had been telling me these things that I approached her for her judgment of the comparison between present and former times with respect to the isolation of the farm. "This farm isn't isolated," she said; "there are other farms around it, not far away; the town, and the railroad, and the Portland boat are only three miles off. There is a rural-delivery mailbox at the gate if we care to use it, and I have a local and long-distance telephone. New York isn't so far from Oregon as Oregon is from New York!" she concluded, with a smile.

Even before my visit was finished I felt almost constrained to agree with this latter opinion. Certainly, New York is not immeasurably removed from that particular household in Oregon. My hostess had remarkably clear and well-grounded views concerning the social and political situation in that city, views which gave evidence not only of keen thinking, but also of deep, if not wide, reading. Her interest in National questions was no less vivid and real. With regard to the difficult problem of the negro, she gave expression, I remember, to opinions such as are held by some of the closest students of the perplexing subject. Yet, as she told me, she was born and had always lived within sight of the snow-capped mountain peak which on fair days was faintly visible from the windows of her house.

On one of the days of our too brief sojourn, my traveling companion and I went for a drive with another temporary resident of the farm-house. The March wind had in it a promise of spring that was more than half a fulfillment; the distant mountain ranges were folded in

a purple mist; in the fields edging the road meadow-larks were singing; and on the sheltered slope of a hill, under the fallen needles of the pine-trees, we found quantities of delicate little purple flowers.

"The world *is* far away," once more said the friend of my journey.

"Yes," agreed our other companion, "but the people in it aren't!"

The outside world appeared to be very distinctly real to the members of that household on the farm in Oregon. To be sure, their knowledge of it was impersonal; being, as it was, obtained through reading and hearsay, rather than by seeing and feeling.

In June, during the course of a day that I spent on a farm in central Massachusetts, I discovered that knowledge thus acquired was not always so satisfactory as it had seemed to be to the family in Oregon. "Do you think farm life is less isolated now than in the past?" I asked my hostess, as I sat in the kitchen doorway talking with her while she prepared the noonday dinner and I made daisy-chains for her small daughter.

"Well, in theory it isn't," she replied; "but in practice I think it is. I mean," she elucidated, "that we have a good many more things than we used to have, but we don't come into actual contact with many more people. It's the lack of people, not things, that makes life isolated."

"But you get more letters, and—"

"Is that quite the same?" said my hostess, musingly. "I don't think it is. Correspondence isn't quite equal to conversation. Handwriting isn't quite like the sound of a voice."

"No," I agreed; "but—"

"I'm not grumbling," interposed my friend with a laugh; "I'm only explaining. In my case, the isolation has its ample compensations. I have my husband and my children. Farm life can never be a life with many people in it," she went on. She left her work and came to the doorway; seating herself beside me, she drew the small girl into her lap and kissed her lingeringly. Then she looked up with shining eyes. "I don't feel especially isolated," she said.

It seemed to me, indeed, that, except-

ing when the farm was a ranch, not ten, or even fifteen, but fifty miles from the nearest neighboring ranch, the women whom I met who lived on farms had little sense of their isolation. On the contrary, they gave, if not invariably, yet very frequently, the impression of a greater interest in and a keener sympathy with the outside world than the women whom I saw in small towns and villages. They were, as one of them said to me, more often lonely than solitary. "What I mean," she explained, "is that they are interested in more people than they see, and sympathize with a greater number of things than they do."

The speaker had lived a number of years in a village before making a home on the farm—which farm was in New England and comparatively easy of access from several cities and towns—and also she had had some slight experience of metropolitan life. "It is odd," I commented, "that women in small towns are so much less concerned with the outside world than the women whose homes are farms."

"It isn't odd to me," said the woman whose opportunities for forming a leisurely and unbiased opinion on the subject had been exceptional. "The small town is an outside world in itself; it has so many enterprises of its own to concern itself with that it has no time left for more remote affairs. As for people—one knows many more people in a village than one does in a city." She smiled, and then she added, "Sometimes I think that the two places where one gets the truest breadth of mental view are a city and a farm. The people who live in them are different in other ways, but they are alike in being interested in the whole world, not just in their own little corner of it."

Not long ago I repeated this statement to a woman living in New York, in whose clearness of vision I had much faith. "Do you consider it excessive?" I inquired.

"Why, no," responded my friend, decidedly; "just think of the history of the United States; its greatest leaders in thought and in deed have, in almost every instance, come either from cities or from farms."

"Yes," I assented; and then I told her about the little girl in Omaha, who had said that in a city a home might be something, without a mother, because a city offered so much else, but that on a farm it could not be anything at all. "The responsibility of sending the leader from the farm would seem to rest almost entirely upon the mother of that leader," I remarked.

"Why, of course," exclaimed my friend in New York, "it always has; upon whom else could it rest?" Then, more quietly, she continued, "Think of the endless sacrifices women on farms have made in order to give their sons the best educational advantages! Our colleges for men have had many a student who might never have beheld the inside of a college but for his mother's unselfish ambition and loving toil."

On farms in various parts of America I met many women whose labors had secured, or were securing, for their sons the very finest of collegiate education; and I met also mothers who, touched by the spirit of this new age, were equally arduous in their efforts to give to their daughters a similar training. One such woman I remember with especial distinctness.

Her home was a New England farm, and she was a New England woman, like other New England women whom I had known, in that she was as reserved as she was intense, and no less sensitive than she was courageous. It was in a manner rather amusing, even at the moment, to me, and, somewhat tardily, not without its suggestion of humor to her too, that we came to be friends.

One warm afternoon in the late spring, toward the close of a day in which, in the absorbing work of my investigation, I had walked more miles than I quite realized, the turn of the dusty road brought me to her garden gate. She was busily working over the flowers which grew not far from the gate; but she stopped when I spoke to her, and came slowly to the fence.

"Would you be so good as to give me a drink of water?" I asked, suddenly recollecting the fatiguing warmth of the day.

The woman gazed at me with a dis-

pleasure that was almost personal. "Why did you walk so far in such hot weather?" she demanded.

My reply did not meet with as happy a reception as I could have wished; but my new acquaintance opened the gate, and bidding me, somewhat sternly, sit on the bench under the apple tree, and rest, disappeared into the house. She returned shortly, bringing a glass of milk and a saucer of preserved strawberries, of which, rather summarily, she bade me partake. I complied, without raising any objection whatsoever. As my weariness gradually left me, the disapproval with which my hostess had too evidently regarded it vanished also, and we entered upon a conversation the memory of which will not soon be lost.

"I'd like my daughter to know you," said my hostess, presently; "she'll be home from college in a few days, now, for the summer."

"What year is she, in college?" I asked, as soon as I had recovered from my surprise; the farm-house was a very small one, and, in spite of the fact that I had found it in the course of a walk, not particularly accessible. It did not indicate an intimate union with the college whose name my hostess had mentioned.

The mother told me; and then she repeated, "I'd like you to see her."

It happened that I was planning to go to the daughter's college the next week; and I, of course, said this to the mother, and added that I should be most happy to meet her daughter upon that occasion. "Perhaps you will give me a letter of introduction to her," I suggested.

"If you just tell her you know her mother, I guess that'll be introduction enough," said the woman, simply.

"She must take great delight in college life," I said, after the brief silence which followed.

"Yes," said the girl's mother; "she does. She is getting a good education, and she enjoys everything about it. I always meant she should have it," went on the woman, with quiet satisfaction, "from the time she was a little girl; and every summer, for years, I've taken boarders to earn money so she could.

It's been hard work, but it's been worth doing. If I do say it, being her mother, a girl couldn't suit me better than my daughter does. She's a good girl, and her mind's bright."

When, a little later, my new acquaintance was leaving me at the door of my temporary abiding-place in the neighborhood, to which she had very kindly driven me in one of the farm wagons, she said, with a tender smile which made her firm lips very softly beautiful: "Write and tell me how you like my daughter."

Very nearly the first thing I did the next week when I went to the college town was to present myself to the daughter, according to the mother's simple injunction. She was a charmingly fresh and eager young girl; and, as her mother had said, no introduction beyond my acquaintanceship with her mother was even remotely needed.

"Do you know my mother *very* well?" she asked.

"Oh, no," I replied; and I recounted to her in detail my single, and entirely accidental, visit to her home.

"I suppose you will be there after Commencement," I said, partly to break one of the silences into which I found myself more prone to fall with her than with her mother.

"Yes," the girl answered; "and then the boarders begin! My mother has taken summer boarders ever since I can remember, so I might go to college. I help her, but it's hard for her, I know, to do so much. After I graduate I'm going to teach; and when I've saved enough, I am going to take my mother to Europe for a whole summer, where she won't *see* a boarder!" Then, less vehemently, she added: "Not many girls have a mother like mine. She's

thought of me and planned for me all the time ever since I was born. It makes all the difference in the world to a person; because no one except one's mother ever does it, and if she doesn't one has to miss it." She looked at me shyly. "I'd rather miss almost *anything* else than have missed having that kind of a mother!" she concluded.

When I wrote to tell her mother how very much indeed I liked her daughter, I told her this also.

One result of my visit to that daughter's college was the acquisition of an interest in summer boarders in connection with the lives of women on farms, which led me to ask one of my friends whose home is a farm-house, and who, moreover, has—to use the colloquial phrase—taken boarders during several summers, if she thought these city visitors exerted a good influence, as some persons believed, or, as some other persons feared, had a disturbing effect, upon the life, not particularly of her household, but of any rural community.

After a few moments' consideration, she replied, not without a certain degree of amusement at the expense of those solemn social scientists who seek to generalize on so variable a subject as the summer boarder, "It depends upon the kind of people they happen to be, and upon the kind of people the members of the rural community happen to be!"

So far as I have known them, these latter have been of a very fine kind indeed. All that I saw of their lives, and all that I learned of their ideals, aroused the homage which good women always awaken; while all that I heard their children say regarding them kindled the affection which true mothers never fail to inspire.

Herbert Spencer's Autobiography¹

THIS book will probably produce in the reader a variety of conflicting impressions, unless his prejudices prevent him from appreciating the different aspects of its author's character. The admirers of Mr. Spencer can find in it abundant material for admiration; the critics of Mr. Spencer can find in it abundant material for criticism; he who can read it with as little prejudice as the author manifests in writing it will find in it abundant material for reflection.

What strikes us first of all is the fact that Mr. Spencer has thought himself of sufficient importance to the world to be worth writing about to the extent of twelve hundred pages. There are lives full of adventure, like that of General Grant, whose autobiography is wholly unegoistic, being really the story of a great drama as viewed by one of its chief actors. There are other lives which are spent in such social activities that the autobiography becomes a series of moving pictures, a kind of cinematograph, of which the autobiographer is only the operator. Such is the autobiography of Senator Hoar, which is almost absolutely unegotistic. But Mr. Spencer's life was wholly unadventurous and generally unsocial. He had a very moderate educational equipment as a civil engineer; left this vocation for journalism; passed by an easy transition from journalism to periodical writing, and from that into philosophical writing, which was at first published in quasi-periodical form; lived as a recluse; and in his autobiography devotes himself almost exclusively to describing himself, his life, his writings, the difficulties under which they were written, the greater difficulties under which they were published, the manner of their reception, and their true interpretation. The narrator is himself the central subject, one might almost say the sole subject, of his narration.

And yet he can hardly be called ego-

tistical; certainly he cannot be truly accused of being self-conceited. For with his very serious estimate of himself as a central figure in the nineteenth-century world of thought, there is a curious capacity for regarding himself as he regards every one else, almost wholly without either prejudice or passion. His enmities and his friendships are alike very moderate. Warmth can rarely be predicated of him, heat never. One can easily conceive of him as being irritable at times—his ill health might have produced irritability; but one cannot conceive of him as ever splendidly angry or enthusiastically admiring or tenderly affectionate. He says of himself very truly, "The critical tendency dominant in me, because perpetually exercised by father and grandfather, has . . . partially debarred me from the pleasures of admiration, by making me too much awake to mistakes and shortcomings." Yet this is not, as he calls it, "the fault-finding spirit;" it is rather the critical spirit, that is, the passion to examine, to analyze, to dissect, to judge. It is impossible simultaneously to admire the beauty and fragrance of a flower and pick it to pieces for the purpose of ascertaining its component parts; one may be both an artist and a botanist, but not at the same time and in the same mental operation. Herbert Spencer always picked the flowers to pieces. Neither animosity nor admiration, nor even love, could keep him from indulging in the process of mental dissection. He analyzes his dearest friends as coolly as though they were objects in natural history. This is not because he had no affection for them, but because his passion for analysis was his dominant passion, from the tyranny of which he never could and perhaps never really desired to escape.

This analytical passion gives to his occasional portraits great piquancy. The dissection of characters constitutes a common social entertainment, and is popularly supposed to be the especial delight of old ladies in tea-table circles;

¹ *An Autobiography, 1820-1903.* By Herbert Spencer. In 2 vols. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

but our observation leads us to believe that it has no less fascination for the masculine than for the feminine mind. It is generally very clumsily done in the club and the tea-party. It is done by Herbert Spencer with consummate genius; had he possessed a dramatic faculty equal to his analytical faculty, he would have made a great novelist. It is true that there are some characters whom he cannot comprehend and for whom he has only condemnation—the men who are not analytical nor even discriminating, but only æsthetic or emotional, such as Ruskin and Carlyle. But, in general, his exposition of character is alike passionless and lucid. Striking illustrations of this are afforded by his critical sketches of his father, his mother, his grandfather, his uncles, George Eliot, Mr. Huxley, and Mr. Tyndall.

But the most pre-eminent illustration is afforded by his curiously impersonal analysis of himself. He has, beyond any writer we recall, the power to set himself over against himself and sit in judgment on himself. One cannot imagine his uttering the prayer, "Search me, O God." He feels himself quite competent to search himself; there is in his life and character no mystery which he cannot understand; and if love does not prevent a dispassionately scientific analysis of his mother, neither does self-love interfere with an equally dispassionately scientific analysis of his own motives. We do not remember ever to have read anything in literature quite comparable to the "Reflections" with which this autobiography is brought to a close. In these analyses of his motives—for they recur from time to time in these volumes, though nowhere so comprehensively and fully as in the last and supplementary chapter—modesty does not prevent his full appreciation of his own virtues, nor does any fear of self-humiliation prevent an equally frank recognition of his defects. The reader's first and quite accurate impression that he has no particular sorrow for his faults and failures is balanced by perceiving that neither has he any joy in his virtues and his achievements. He is simply intellectually interested to find out what kind of a creature this

man Herbert Spencer is; the relative ethical values of the qualities concern him as little as the relative commercial values in the plants when he puts them under the microscope to study their circulatory system.

We shall not attempt here to report his self-analysis: to do so fully would be impossible; to do so partially would be unjust. Nor shall we attempt any analysis of our own; for it would be based on his analysis and would be far less satisfactory. We only point out two defects in his character which we think partly explain the defects in his philosophy, and at least partially explain the reason why Spencerianism has proved to be but a passing though a popular phase of philosophic thought.

The first defect is the non-catholicity of his mind—a quality which prevented him from ever becoming a scholar. To be catholic-minded is to be modest-minded; it is to recognize, on the one hand, that no man can by any possibility see and comprehend all truth, and, on the other, that any sincere seeker after truth has seen some aspect of it which is worth his own reporting and other men's seeing. Herbert Spencer believed neither one of these things; he believed that he could formulate a universology which would constitute a comprehensive scheme of all truth, and consequently that no man's teaching was worth his considering unless it would fit in with and help to illustrate this comprehensive scheme. It was not by accident, it was by choice and by temperament, that he wrote his philosophy without any considerable study of the works of previous philosophers. Until his thirty-first year questions in philosophy had not attracted his attention. "On my father's shelves," he writes, "during the years of my youth and early manhood, there had been a copy of Locke's *Essays*, which I had never looked into; and as I had not utilized a book constantly at hand, it may naturally be inferred that I had not troubled myself to obtain other books dealing with the same and kindred topics." He had barely glanced at Mill's *Logic*; had read a few pages in Kant's *Critique*, but he rejected its first statements, and so went no further; was

never able to worry through more than a few pages of Plato; we do not think that he mentions Aristotle; there is nothing to indicate that he had ever acquainted himself with the Scotch philosophers. He declares of himself that he was "always an impatient reader." "It has always," he says, "been out of the question for me to go on reading a book the fundamental principles of which I entirely dissent from. . . . I, without thinking much about the matter, take it for granted that if the fundamental principles are wrong the rest cannot be right; and thereupon cease reading—being, I suspect, rather glad of an excuse for doing so." That this was rather the excuse than the reason for laying the book down is indicated by the fact that he read but very little of any kind of serious literature. Other excuses served as well to furnish escape from the fancied obligation of reading Homer and Dante.

This absence of scholarship, or at least of "book-learning," is characteristic of him. His scholastic education never carried him much if at all beyond what a high school would give the American boy. He was never in college, nor did he by subsequent reading supply the deficiencies of his earlier education. "I paid little attention," he says, "to what had been written upon either ethics or politics. Partly this was due to my impatience of reading in general (excepting of course light reading), which has always made getting through a grave book a difficulty." In another connection he explains this lack of reading by the sentence, "Thinking was always more pleasurable than either reading or doing." His philosophy has been evolved out of his own consciousness. It has not been mentally studied out; it has been hatched out by brooding. He gives an interesting and suggestive account of this meditative process, but too long to be quoted and difficult to condense. In all this is a certain merit, a mark, if the reader please, of a kind of genius; and yet the man who up to his thirty-first year had never studied philosophy and scarcely ever read a philosophical book, and nevertheless could begin, without any appearance of hesi-

tation, in his thirty-second year to write a system of universal philosophy, by which he proposed to solve the problems of the universe and set the world right in its philosophical thinking, might naturally be expected to show in the product more audacity of conviction than breadth of view.

The other defect in Herbert Spencer's character is that dominating passion for analysis of which we have spoken above, and of which he frequently speaks in his autobiography. He truly says that "intellectual analysis is at variance with æsthetic appreciation." But it is equally at variance with ethical appreciation. The religious life, like the æsthetic life, transcends analysis. It cannot be understood by one who has deprived himself of simple admiration. And that Herbert Spencer was without the power of simple admiration is abundantly illustrated, indeed is frankly, though without regret, acknowledged. The truths of goodness, like the truths of beauty—for Huxley is surely right in saying that "goodness is a kind of beauty"—do not yield themselves up to simple intellectual analysis; they cannot be discovered by a microscope, nor their nature revealed in a laboratory; and he who sees truth only through the critical faculty, and no truth which the critical faculty cannot disclose, must probably always reach the conclusion of Herbert Spencer: "I hold that we are as utterly incompetent to understand the ultimate nature of things, or origin of them, as the deaf man is to understand sounds or the blind man light." Escape from this silent darkness will never be found by the exercise of the critical faculty. It would perhaps be too much to say that to this conclusion Herbert Spencer came at last; but it is certainly both interesting and significant that the last words he addressed to the reading public constitute an indirect affirmation of this truth. The words with which he closes his autobiography, and so takes leave of the world, are as follows:

Thus religious creeds, which in one way or other occupy the sphere that rational interpretation seeks to occupy and fails, and fails the more the more it seeks, I have come to regard with a sympathy based on need: feeling that dissent from them results from

inability to accept the solutions offered, joined with the wish that solutions could be found.

What is this but saying with Hamlet, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy," and with Pascal, "The heart has reasons of its own that the reason knows not of"? What is it but recognizing that truth which is the basis of all religious creeds of every description, as it is formulated by Professor William James—"They [the mystical

states] break down the authority of the non-mystical or rationalistic consciousness, based upon the understanding and the senses alone. They show it to be only one kind of consciousness. They open out the possibility of other orders of truth, in which, so far as anything in us vitally responds to them, we may freely continue to have faith"? It is to this faith in a sphere of truth which transcends the rationalistic consciousness that Herbert Spencer points in his last message to mankind.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century (The). By Herbert L. Osgood, Ph.D. In 2 vols. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. \$5, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Ancient History. By Philip Van Ness Myers. Illustrated. (Revised Edition.) Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 639 pages.

Constitutional History of the United States. By Nelson Case. The Crow Press, New York. 5×7½ in. 292 pages.

Crisis (The). By Winston Churchill. (Macmillan Paper Novel Series.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 522 pages. 25c.

Another issue of a capital series of paper-covered fiction in which only books really worth while are included.

Early Western Travels, 1748-1846. Edited with Notes, etc., by Reuben Gold Thwaites, L.L.D. Vol. IV, *Cuming's Tour to the Western Country (1807-1809)*. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. 6¼×9½ in. 377 pages.

Ecclesiastical Discipline: A Charge to the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Vermont. By Rt. Rev. A. C. A. Hall, D.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 34 pages. Paper bound.

Eleven Orations of Cicero: With Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary. By Robert W. Tunstall. Illustrated. (Second Edition.) University Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 570 pages.

First Shearing (The). By M. Batterham Lindesay. Whittet & Shepperson, Richmond, Va. 5¼×8 in. 299 pages.

Givers (The). By Mary E. Wilkins. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 296 pages. \$1.25.

A group of short stories in Miss Wilkins's best and most characteristic vein; sketches of quaint or "cranky" New England characters, apparently studied from the life, and drawn with precision and humor. In these short stories Miss Wilkins is dealing with the subjects which she knows at first hand; and the strength of her work, which lies in

its knowledge of a certain narrow type of New England character, in a certain class of New England communities, is fully developed in the distinctness with which her men and women stand out against the homely and in some cases sordid background of village or home life.

New England in Letters. By Rufus Rockwell Wilson. Illustrated. The A. Wessels Company, New York. 5×7¼ in. 384 pages. \$1.50, net.

The author has before this done very commendable work in the form of books presenting literary and historic associations of various sections of the country. In the present volume he records the outcome of journeys to the houses, villages, and towns with which are especially associated the names of Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, Emerson, Holmes, and other New England literary celebrities, while special chapters are accorded to the Berkshires and to Connecticut. The volume is entirely unpretentious as regards any critical estimate of the authors, but it is pleasingly written and Mr. Wilson has collated from various sources anecdotes and incidents—some familiar, others which will be new to almost all readers. In short, the book is readable but not important. It contains several colored pictures of famous homes.

Poems of a Child (The): Being Poems Written between the Ages of Six and Ten. By Julia Cooley. R. H. Russell, New York. 4½×7 in. 151 pages. \$1.

It is dangerous to arouse self-consciousness in a child; perhaps the punishment of a millstone around his neck would not be too severe for the man who carelessly thus offends a little one. But Mr. Le Gallienne wishes the readers of these verses to regard them, not as the work of an infant prodigy, but as the "expression of a gift already at work," demanding serious attention. No

one can doubt that the little girl has true poetic insight; her feeling for beauty outran her first knowledge of writing or reading. Fortunately, she did not know that to most people poetry means rhyme, and her sweet little verses, unrhymed, are better than those in which she tries to match sounds. In one of her quaintly named note-books she sets down "sentences that I make up." This, for a child under ten years of age, is remarkable:

Love doth make stars to shine
In the gray, grieving skies of care.

She makes deliciously childlike errors when she writes thus about the clover:

You dear little downy flower,
I foundest thee down by the hill;
I have played with thee by the hour,
Why art thou so still?

The happy spirit, quick observation, true sense of language, and evidently congenial home atmosphere, all possessed in abundance by Julia Cooley, should augur well for future attainment.

Songs of a Child and Other Poems. By "Darling." (Third Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in.

Lady Florence Douglas tells us that in her lonely, misunderstood childhood the friendship and sympathy of Lord Lytton was the one happiness given her. By his advice her verses written before sixteen were published. If the present volume were not the third edition, we should have pronounced his advice unfortunate, but some demand must have indorsed his taste. The weak little thoughts of a morbid child put into halting numbers, followed by several more ambitious pieces echoing the writings familiar to the English or Scotch reader of ordinary

advantages, and completed by a set of love songs and "visions," none of which show the divine spark of genius, make up a bulky volume, containing also three highly colored portraits of the young author and her father, the seventh Marquis of Queensberry. "Abel Avenged" and "The Sceptic's Defence" are youthful outbursts, in many words, against the harsh theological teaching which the child heard and resented with her whole heart. Some of the passages in these, written before the age of fifteen, show the mingled effect of browsing in a library and revolt against Calvinism.

Strenuous Epigrams of Theodore Roosevelt. The H. M. Caldwell Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 77 pages.

Whistler as I Knew Him. By Mortimer Menpes. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 8×10½ in. 153 pages. \$10, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Widow's Mite and Other Psychic Phenomena (The). By Isaac K. Funk. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 6×9 in. 538 pages. \$2, net.

A story widely printed a year ago about the alleged finding of a lost coin of value—"the Widow's Mite"—through a communication from the spirit of Henry Ward Beecher, contained so many errors that a correct version of the facts was promised as soon as an exhaustive investigation could be made. The result of this is incorporated in a few pages of this volume, in which Dr. Funk presents at length and in detail his views of the fascinating and difficult problems involved in the psychic phenomena which some scientific investigators are now inclined to connect with the agency of discarnate intelligences.

Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

The Transportation Tax—Who Pays It?¹

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Who pays the freight? That is the question now being asked in all earnestness by the citizens of several of our Western States, where movements are on foot to secure legislation either creating State railroad commissions or enlarging the powers of those already in existence.

It is coming to be realized more and more by the great mass of citizens that the subject of State regulation of railroad rates, through impartial tribunals, is one that more nearly affects them, touches their purses more directly, than any other of a kindred nature; for, of all the taxes paid by the average citizen, there is none that approxi-

mates in magnitude the "transportation tax." This may be readily seen by comparing it with the taxes collected by the United States in one year from all sources, both direct and indirect. Testifying before a committee of Congress, Judge Clements, of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, stated that in the year 1901 these amounted to \$584,000,000, or but a little more than a *third* of the freight charges paid to the railroads of the country during the same period.

What is a freight rate? It is an element of the cost of everything that enters into the material life and well-being of the people. Generally speaking, there is not a stitch of clothing, there is not a piece of furniture, there is scarcely an article of food, a necessity or a luxury, that has not borne that tax—a tax uncontrolled except by competition, a tax that is arbitrarily fixed, and in the mak-

¹ See editorial on this subject in this issue.—THE EDITORS.

ing of which the public at large is utterly *without representation*.

It is a matter that vitally affects both the producing and consuming classes. As a rule, the middleman *pays* the freight; but he does not bear the burden of it. He merely collects the tax for the railroad company, either deducting it from the price paid to the producer at the initial point of shipment or adding it to the charge made to the consumer. His only concern is that the rate shall not be greater than that paid by his competitor under substantially similar conditions. The person upon whom the tax really falls has no legal rights in relation to it; neither cause in court nor relations with the carrier which will compel equitable treatment, unless the commonwealth of which he is a "bulwark" takes such measures as will afford due protection to him.

Only of late years, however, has there been a realization of this fact on the part of the masses. Most of the remedial legislation already secured has been brought about by the efforts of the middlemen—the merchants and shippers of the country, who have sought to obtain relief not so much from excessive rates as from discrimination of various kinds. If rates are stable, uniform, and open to all alike, it makes very little difference to the middleman what their amount may be, provided, merely, that no *undue* preference is given in the way of lower rates to a competing point. It is only in the case of discrimination between sections or localities that complaint is now made by the middleman, for existing statutes throughout the country have removed many of the transportation evils formerly affecting trade; but the great body of producers, and to a limited extent the consumers, are now awakened to a sense of the importance of securing rates that are equitable and reasonable in themselves.

In order to accomplish this, appeal must be made to the legislators, for the railroads have in most instances adopted a policy of charging "all that the traffic will bear," and it is therefore necessary to provide for the establishment of boards of commissioners, quasi-judicial in character but with administrative powers, whose duty it shall be either to fix maximum schedules of rates, or to provide, upon full hearing of all parties in interest, what change shall be made in rates found to be unreasonable or unjustly discriminative. Thirty States now enjoy the benefits of such commissions, twenty of them having plenary powers; and, with perhaps two exceptions, they are said to work in harmony both with the shippers and the railroad companies. In the majority of cases their decisions are not contested, and, in fact, these mostly partake of the nature of *suggestions*, which are complied with by the carriers without the issuance of formal orders. The railroads are amply protected against "oppression" by constitutional provisions, and if their legitimate interests are attacked they have recourse in the courts; but it has been almost

the universal experience that clothing commissioners with large powers tends to make them very conservative, and, as they are usually continued in office for long periods of time, they become thoroughly versed in every phase of the transportation problem.

In the States above mentioned, concerted action is being taken by organizations of shippers and producers, as well as by individuals, to secure pledges from candidates for the Legislature that they will favor the desired legislation; and it is gratifying to note that, with one exception, these movements are non-partisan in character. The consensus of opinion seems to be that the question is purely one of economics and should not be dragged in the mire of politics, as so many others have been.

C. A. TUPPER.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Cuban Orphans

To the Editors of The Outlook :

I have lately returned from Guantanamo, Cuba, where I visited the Home and School for Orphans. It is a most worthy charity and in great need of funds. This home was opened immediately after the war with Spain to shelter destitute children, and soon after the opening there were thirty-four orphans comfortably housed. There were so many applicants after the opening of the Home that Mrs. M. A. Brooks, who established the Home, decided to open a school where girls could be trained as housemaids. A kindergarten and a day nursery were started later, and from December, 1899, until June, 1903, there were over two hundred children in the Home. Since June, 1903, it has been necessary to give up most of the day scholars for want of funds, and unless money can be raised the Home must be closed. There are at present twenty-two orphans in the Home, and as many more attend the school, some of whom are so poor that they must be fed at the Home. About forty pupils of the better class pay a small amount for their tuition. Mothers' Meetings and Bands of Mercy, in connection with the School, are established and much appreciated.

The Home and School received a small amount from the Government during the intervention, and Mrs. Brooks's friends in this country contributed certain funds, which are now exhausted. The local subscription for the School is about \$60 monthly, and \$30 monthly from the municipality. Last winter Mrs. Brooks visited New York and Boston and raised about \$2,400, which, with the subscriptions above mentioned, have supported the School until recently. At present the School is practically without funds. The appointments of the School are simple. Everything is clean and ship-shape. The children are intelligent, bright-eyed, and beautiful. There are no servants connected with the School, as the teachers and children do all the housework.

Will not the readers of this please send money for the School to Mrs. M. A. Brooks,

Guantanamo, Cuba? Post-office orders or checks on any of our banks can be cashed in Guantanamo.

A. V. WADHAMS,
Captain U. S. Navy, Commanding.

Sea Breeze

On the Coney Island beach, between the resorts of "Dreamland" and "Luna Park," where the crowds walk up and down amid exciting attractions and exclusive Sea Gate, a residence park barred against intruders, is a long gray building, bright with gleams of nasturtiums, wherein the Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor houses its summer guests. They come to it in many ways, through application, report of visitor, invitation from the society, or receipt of a letter which says, "My baby won't live through the summer without change of air. For God's sake help us." For only those are taken to whom a period of change and rest is an absolute necessity, and many who are well are reluctantly refused, for the ailing must be considered first.

But no one ails very long in the fresh ocean breeze, and two weeks makes a wonderful difference in mother and baby. A row of ailantus-trees shelters the front of the house, and in their shade or on the wide verandas the women sit with their babies, while in the sand the children dig and play, or paddle in the "big river," their first name for the sea.

At seven o'clock the children gather on the porch and shake the sand out of their shoes, preparatory to obeying the bell that summons them to bed. Two large, airy dormitories hold the elder boys and girls, of whose care the mothers are relieved, each having in a wing of the building her room for herself and her baby or younger child. Last midsummer, when the pressure for admittance was very great, it was thought better to put two children together in one of the little white beds, rather than leave one in the city. This was protested against by a visitor with more theory than experience, and a child was questioned as to whether she liked a bedfellow. She answered simply, "There are five of us at home." In a quiet corner of the building the aged women—never considered in planning summer outings, but welcomed here—are placed. One of them, on leaving, remarked, "This is the first real good time I have had in twenty years." All night long a nurse is within call of the mothers in the babies' wing, and few of them return to their homes without new ideas as to care and cleanliness. Every few days a nurse will gather the women around her for informal talks on elementary hygiene, and, as one woman remarked proudly, "What I haven't learned about the care of children off them nurses ain't worth knowing."

Every evening the women and the elder children gather in a large downstairs room, where a piano stands, to dance and sing, to enjoy the farces which a group of young men from one of the Settlements may come down to act for them, and to take part in

what none of their city homes make possible, a pleasant social evening. The response to entertain and to be entertained is immediate, and the mother of four children, in gingham sack and apron, gets up to accompany a neatly dressed attendant in the steps of a lively Irish jig.

For the many to whom a longer stay cannot be given, day excursions are provided, and during July and August parties are brought down for a day. Very noticeable at Sea Breeze is the atmosphere of cheer and friendliness. Perhaps the fact that families come together helps to create a home feeling, but there is nothing institutional about the place, but rather the freedom of a large summer boarding-house, with less of its friction.

The endowments of the Association are not sufficient to cover the need which the summer brings to the city poor, and this year appeal is being made for small contributions, in the thought that very many people who would hesitate over larger gifts would gladly give a dime or a quarter toward providing fresh air and an outing for those who otherwise would have none. One dollar gives four children a happy day on the beach, and to send a mother and baby to Sea Breeze for one week costs five dollars. A friend has offered to duplicate every gift which comes in sums of two dollars or less, and it is hoped that a bountiful number of contributions will be received by the Treasurer, Robert Shaw Minturn, United Charities Building, New York.

A few hundred yards from the home building, on the other side of a structure now used as a restaurant, which clearly ought to be acquired and added to Sea Breeze, the Association is conducting an experiment, tried for the first time in this country, of an ocean tuberculosis camp. On the Continent it has been found that for bone and glandular tuberculosis ocean air is the best treatment, and large hospitals have been erected at Breck and Margate. Around a circular flooring, giving easy access to every part of the camp, eight or ten tents are grouped for protection by night of the thirty children who have come from New York hospitals and tenements to receive from nature what science cannot give. Hard cases they are; one little girl of ten has spent five years in as many hospitals. Another, flaxen-haired, and with the sweetest smile, lies patiently on her back all day long and cannot share the children's play save as they come to her side. Many are bandaged, some are small babies, yet one and all are beginning to reflect the healthfulness born of the sunshine and fresh air in which they spend the entire day, bathing in the morning and frolicking or lying in the sand for many hours. A doctor and five nurses are in residence, for of course constant attention is needed, but all are waiting for sun and air to effect the cure and give the signal to raise a hundred such outdoor sanitariums for the three thousand tuberculosis children in New York.



Sweet Temptation

Knows no more alluring charm than Nabisco Sugar Wafers. A dessert confection sometimes called a fairy sandwich because of its airy lightness and exquisite composition. Deliciously flavored with Lemon, Orange, Chocolate, Vanilla and Mint, to please the fanciful desire and afford the hostess opportunity for many original conceptions in the serving of dessert. To know the possibilities of

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serve them in your favorite flavor with sherbet, ice cream or fruit, with coffee, tea or any other beverage.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

THE OUTLOOK WANT DEPARTMENT

is of great assistance to Outlook readers seeking *Positions* or *Business Opportunities*, or looking for *Help* in all the better grades. An advertisement in The Outlook Want Department is almost certain to bring results. *The rate for notices in this Department is Five Cents for each word or initial, address included. Orders should be sent (with remittance) at least ten days prior to publication.*

BUSINESS opportunity.—A Harvard graduate (single) of character, energy, good address, will be free in the fall to put \$1,000 and services into some established business. References exchanged. No agents or schemes. No. 2,611, The Outlook.

A good position is always open for a competent man. His difficulty is to find it. We have openings for high-grade men in all capacities—Executive, Technical, and Clerical—paying from \$1,000 to \$10,000 a year. "Right places for right men. Right men for right places." Write for plan and booklet. Haggoods (Inc.), Suite 511, 309 Broadway, New York.

A position now open—Manager \$2,000; bookkeeper \$1,200; salesman \$1,500; secretary \$1,000. Write for free booklet of open positions. Business Opportunity Co., 1 Union Square, New York.

TEACHERS, Principals, Governesses—immediate vacancies and for September. Fall orders being received. Communicate now in time for annual bulletin. Schermerhorn Teachers' Agency, 5 East Fourteenth Street, New York City.

SUMMER cottage for rent in Twilight Park, Catskill Mts. 7 rooms, attic and bath, hot and cold water; all improvements; furnished for housekeeping; near to Inn. Rent \$300. Wm. E. Drake, 150 Fifth Ave., or 17 Webster Place, East Orange, N. J.

POST yourself. Best World's Fair Guide Book, 200 pages, illustrated, maps; indispensable. 30 cts. net, postpaid. Presbyterian Board of Publication, 1516 Locust, St. Louis.

YOUR son's business after graduation? Periodical publishing presents splendid opportunities. Address Emerson P. Harris, 253 Broadway, New York.

PHYSICIAN, thirty-three, several years' experience private practice, would attend patient, medical or surgical, or travel. Unexceptionable references. Address No. 2,185, The Outlook.

HARVARD graduate student, tutoring for University entrance examinations; also tutoring during summer. References. Address No. 2,385, The Outlook.

REFINED home, with cultivated people, in a private country house in the Chocoma region of New Hampshire, can be secured by one or two people of means for the summer or permanently. Address No. 2,389, The Outlook.

BOARDERS wanted—\$5 and \$6 per week. Stackpole Spring House, Durham, Me.

YALE Ph.D., experienced in college and preparatory teaching, will take desirable boy abroad for summer or year. Highest references. No. 2,449, The Outlook.

A young lady, refined and well educated, wishes position as companion, preferably to a lady wishing to travel. If a semi-invalid, would give the kindest care and attention. References. No. 2,521, The Outlook.

BONNY View Farm for a quiet vacation. Elevation 1,800 feet. C. M. Capen, Becket, Mass.

POSITION wanted, by refined lady, as companion or mother's helper. No. 2,515, The Outlook.

FORESTRY.—Frank C. Parker, forestry expert, has arranged to teach a class in Silviculture and Woodcraft in Twilight Park, Catskill Mountains. One month's tuition, \$25. Write for particulars. F. C. Parker, Haines Falls, N. Y.

REFINED young American girl wishes position immediately as nurse for one or two children. References. M. R. B., care of J. N. Holcomb, Falls Village, Conn.

TEACHER desires position as companion. Miss Wiley, 1513 Jefferson Ave., Scranton, Pa.

PRIVATE family desires two guests, gentlemen preferred. Large verandas, shady grounds. References exchanged. Box 51, Scarsdale, Westchester Co., N. Y.

EXPERIENCED teacher wishes permanent position as nursery governess. Address No. 2,511, The Outlook.

CHRISTIAN young man of nineteen, high school graduate, must exchange office work for outdoor employment. Summer or permanent position desired, with promotion expected. References. Address Box 98, Williamstown, Mass.

WANTED—Artist in water colors, photographer, stenographer, typewriter. (See Education in Cabin advertisement.) School of Philosophy, Oakland, Maine.

EXPERIENCED kindergartner wishes to establish kindergarten and training class in connection with good school. No. 2,547, The Outlook.

POSITION wanted as lady housekeeper by young American woman, well educated and competent; also able to take care of a small child. Prefer position in or near Providence, R. I. Address E. C., No. 2,567, The Outlook.

THE principal of an endowed high school within 20 miles of Boston would take two boys into his family from Sept. 15 to June 15, \$500. Splendid combination of school training, private instruction, and home life. No. 2,569, The Outlook.

BOARD for two, private cottage, bath, furnace, beautiful breezy location, overlooking Sound; quiet, restful. Box 38, Port Washington, L. I., N. Y.

WANTED in September, for one of the Halls at Mt. Holyoke College, an American cook. Address for particulars Box 4, Williamstown, Mass.

EXPERIENCED principal having complete furnishings desires to learn of locality that will support first-class private school for girls. Address, with full particulars, No. 2,615, The Outlook.

SHOPPING—Samples sent. Orders filled promptly. Suits and hats to order. Highest references. M. W. Wightman & Co., 44 West 22d St., New York.

WOMAN'S College graduate desires position as teacher. Specialties: English, History, Mathematics, Athletics. Miss Crowl, 2729 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

TWO ladies having an attractive apartment on Washington Heights, overlooking the Hudson, would rent rooms, furnished, single or en suite. Address No. 2,557, Outlook.

WANTED—By a young woman, position in girls' boarding school for next year, to teach Piano, Calisthenics, and Lower English Branches. Three years' experience and good reference. Address Carrier 155, Station B, Washington, D. C.

HOME school for little boys. Watchful care; wise instruction. Address, for terms and references, Anna D. Trowbridge, Hackensack, N. J.

TUTORING, primary to high school, by experienced teacher. References. Lattimer, North Norwich, N. Y.

PRINCETON Middled desires to tutor in entrance work, especially Latin, for college. L. C. B., 225 Garside St., Newark, N. J.

OFFICE assistant, knowledge of typewriting and card system, desires position. Two years' experience. Miss E., No. 2,545, The Outlook.

EXPERIENCED housekeeper desires position. References. Address No. 2,543, The Outlook.

KINDERGARTNER, understanding physical care of children, desires position in private family. Best references. Address Kindergartner, 335 East Eighth St., Flatbush, N. Y.

WANTED—Superior French teacher for private school. No. 4,458, The Outlook.

EDUCATED woman desires position as companion to adult or child. Change of environment of more consideration than salary. No. 2,587, The Outlook.

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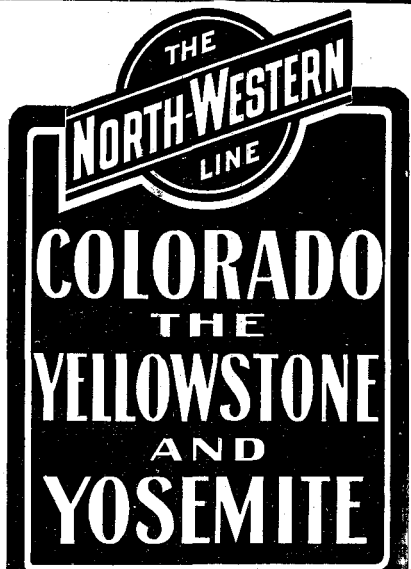
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